VOGUE

75¢
SEPT. 1

A SPECIAL REPORT ON
AMERICAN FASHION: 75 GREAT LOOKS



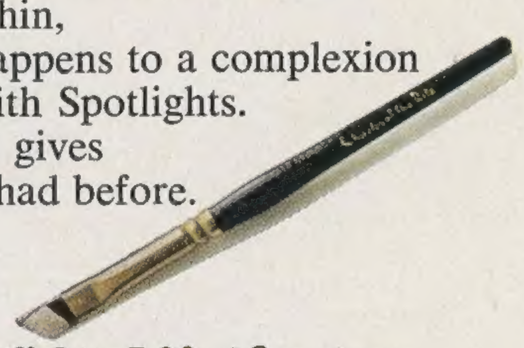
THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

PARIS: THE NEWS AS WE SEE IT

© CHARLES OF THE RITZ 1965



If a buttercup can throw a glowing reflection
when it's cupped under a chin,
just see what happens to a complexion
when it's brushed with Spotlights.
Our new pearl-like liquid gives
a make-up highlights it has never had before.



Spotlights, 5.00 at fine stores.

Charles of the Ritz



Fur Doubles the Dash $395

of this new suit shaping, echoing the close-fitting cut of the trim jacket as well as the deep-tobacco color of the crisp gabardine. Under the jacket lies a neatly curved, sleeveless over-blouse and a front-gathered skirt that slopes gently into walking ease. By Marquise in yarn-dyed tobacco brown worsted wool gabardine edged with brown-dyed deep-curling Afghanistan lamb.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

Misses sizes. Suit Collections, Third Floor



Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Dayton Co.; I. Magnin.

Seymour Fox designs in beautiful Anglo fabrics

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

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PENN

COVER: Vogue's report on the New York Collections opening on a cloud of romance—the softest pale-blue swansdown curved over an Empire-waisted evening dress of blue chiffon drifted past the ankle. Delicious with it—the faintest blush of colour on the skin, clear eyes opened wide by a bolt of sky-blue lightning under the brow, pale tawny glow on the lips . . . a delicate yet definite look for a face to wear. Silk dress with boa, by Sarmi. Winged brilliance at the ear, by Schreiner. Both at Bonwit Teller. Dress: Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Coiffure by Pierre of the House of Revlon.

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NEW!
INTIMATE
SPRAY MIST
(UNDER GLASS)



FLUTED GLASS DECANTER WITH
THE LOOK OF HEIRLOOM CRYSTAL, 3.00

'INTIMATE
BY
REVLON

CHERISHED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S
SEVEN GREAT FRAGRANCES

All pliant lines from hem to climaxing
collar: Monte Sano & Pruzan's checkerboard
wool coat in a color called rock olive

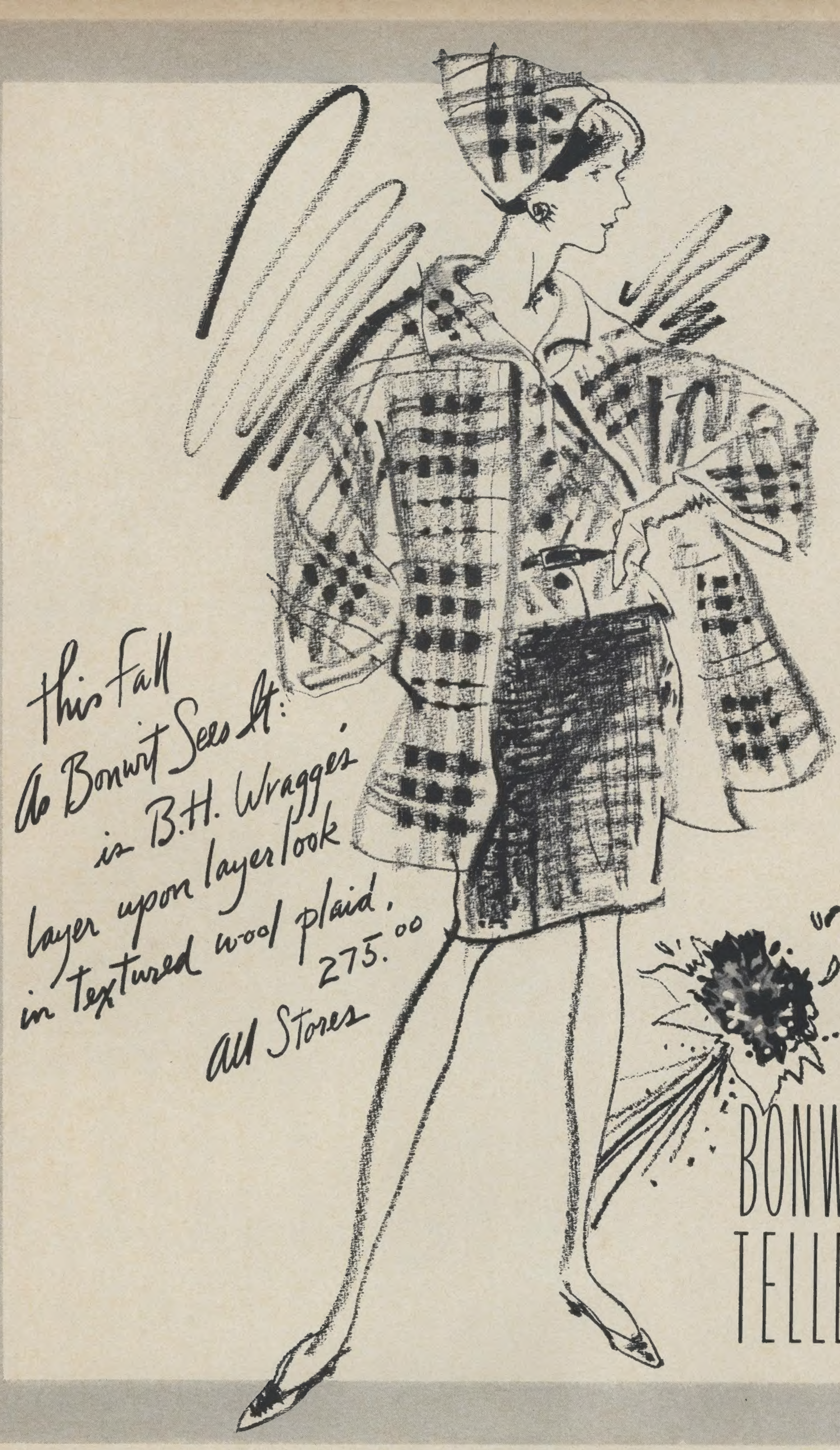
WHEN BALTIMORE THINKS OF FASHION
IT THINKS OF HUTZLER'S



owned and operated by the Hutzler family for more than a century

HUTZLER'S
Baltimore

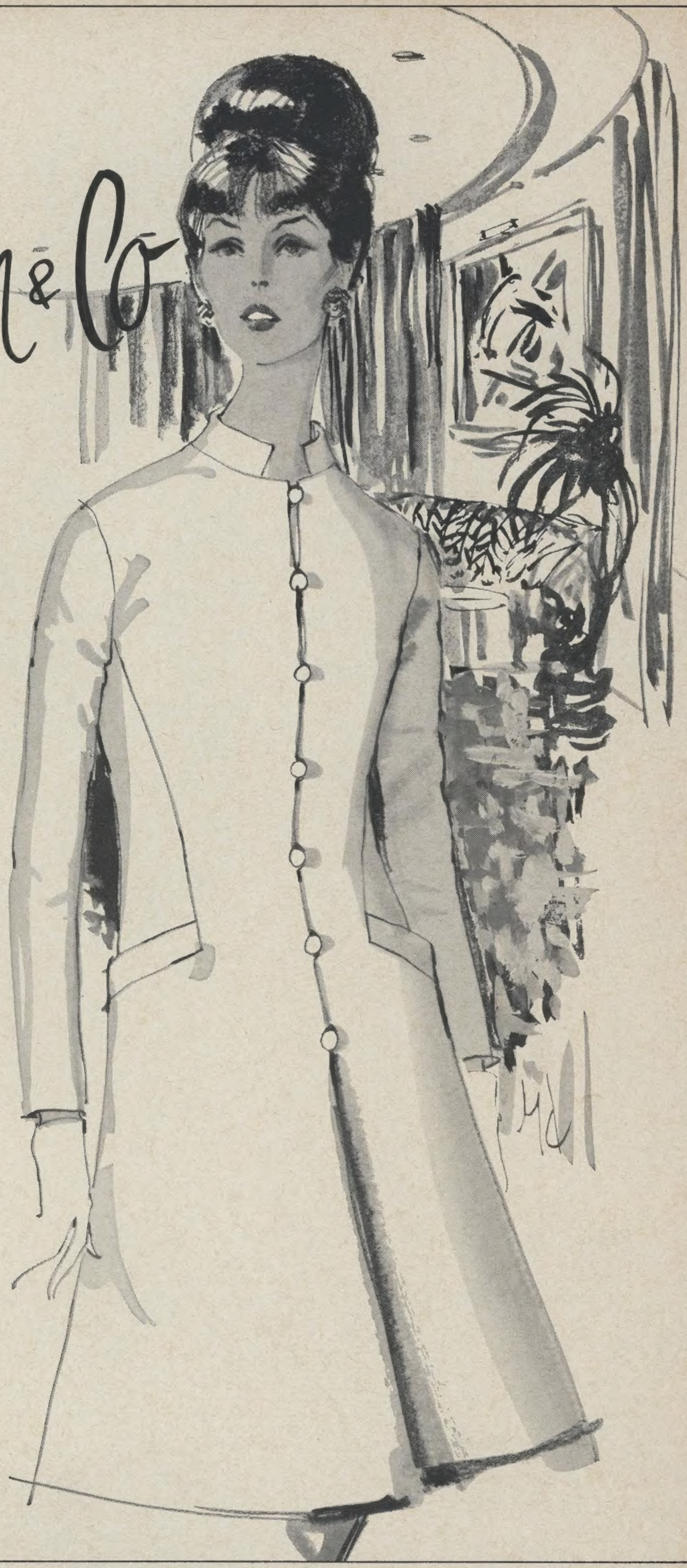
J. HYDE CRAWFORD.





DAYTON'S OVAL ROOM®
Minneapolis St. Paul Rochester

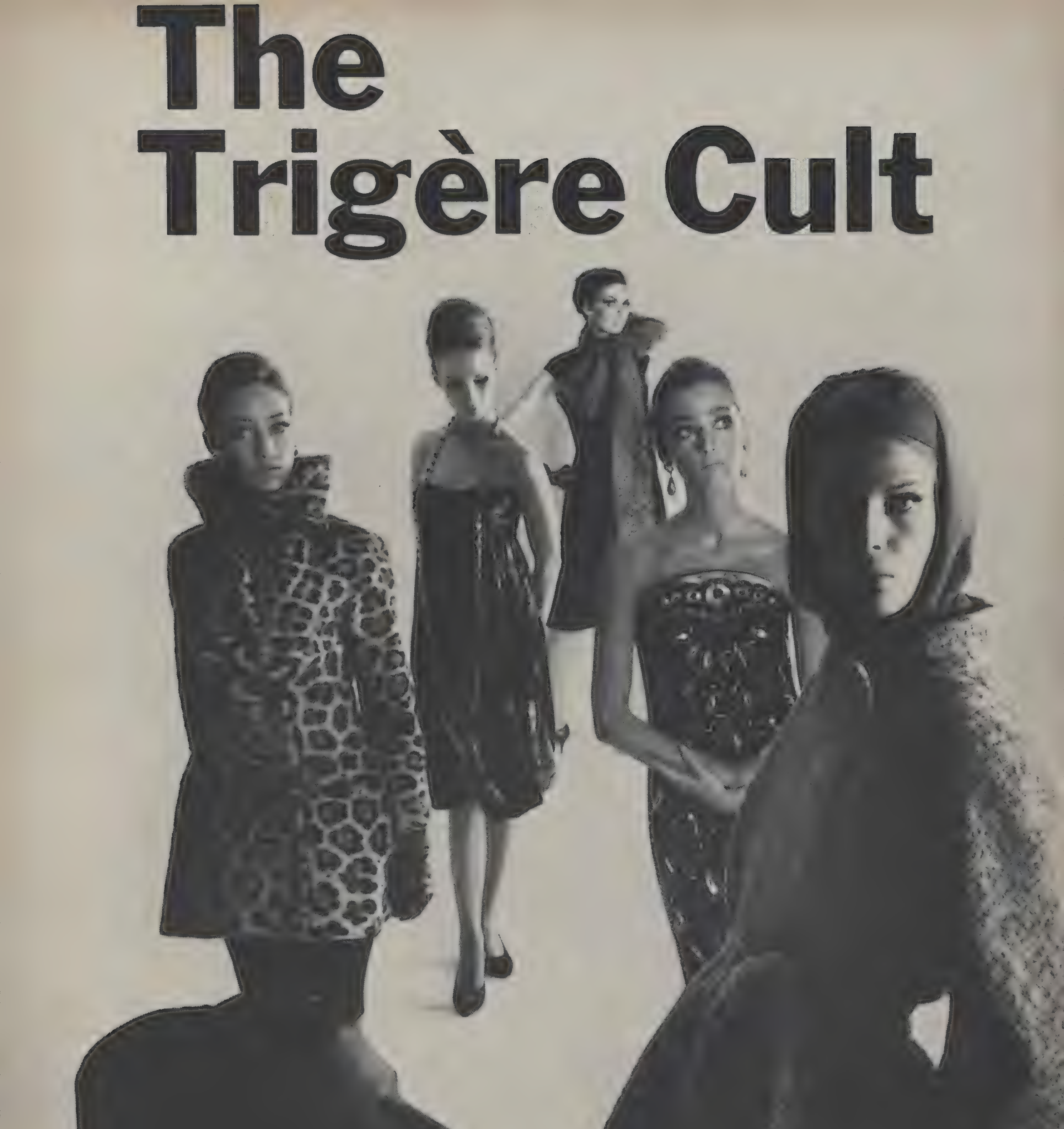
B Altman & Co



Every line is news and elegance!

Teal Traina's superb little dress for Fall . . . bias cut skirt with a folded-in pleat, long slender sleeves, rajah buttoning from the neckline. Silk and worsted . . . white or black, misses' sizes. Third floor Designer Shop, Fifth Avenue store. 160.00

The Trigère Cult



RICHARD AVEDON



GEOFFREY BEENE

Plaza Collections



Wool— Afloat Under Fur $735

Watch it skimming along the boulevards this Fall
with a graceful awareness of figure and a buoyant ripple of
hemline. Its special drama: a great, wide fur boa whipped into a dashing
bow and flung over the shoulder. The deeply sculptured grey wool from Italy comes
with a boa of natural grey Afghanistan lamb; also in navy with black-dyed
nutria boa. Misses sizes. Dress alone, $275.

Fourth Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*



Our own Sophie's cocktail costume in imported silk metallic brocade obi cloth patterned with silver and gold-toned discs on a melon background. The dress, a shapely bateau-neckline sheath dipping low in back and sheltered by a jacket with concealed snap-closing. $500. Designer Dress Collections.

VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

Our gold-and-taupe striped silk "weather-coat" lined with a swathe of natural vicuna fur covering a soft shaping of imported gold wool jersey, the waistline circled with a bowed calf belt. The coat, $1195. The dress, $225. Designer Collections.



Revillon

AT

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE





VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

The exotic brilliance of the East is captured in our wool challis "potentate" jacket, paisley-printed in glowing oriental hues on a yellow ground. The shapely, Empire-seamed shaft of a dress beneath is of vivid pagoda pink wool jersey. $350. Designer Dress Collections.



BERGDORF-GOODMAN, New York • **GIDDING JENNY,** Cincinnati • **JACOBSON'S,** Michigan • **JOSEPH MAGNIN,** San Francisco & Nevada • **GARFINCKEL'S,** Washington, D.C.



I. Magnin

in the long slim look of tunic coat

black skirt and sleeveless shell beneath,

in a three-piece suit of Anglo broadcloth,

crisp counterpoint to a city fugue

designed by Zuckerman

exclusively for

I. MAGNIN & CO

San Francisco, Oakland, Palo Alto, San Mateo, Santa Clara, Carmel, Fresno, Sacramento, Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, Pasadena, San Fernando Valley, Santa Barbara, Santa Ana, La Jolla, Phoenix

Photography: Allan Grant / Paper Sculpture: Leo Monahan



Now a radical new phase of beauty care begins. Inspired by Eterna '27'...the skin cream that has brought dramatic, visible results to women's skins in 6 out of every 10 cases tested!

The new Eterna '27' Beauty Penetreatments by Revlon

Today, thousands of women are living proof that Eterna '27' Skin Cream makes a difference so obvious—it can be recorded and evaluated by doctors. Its achievements stand alone. Now comes a new series of Eterna '27' preparations for every step of skin care—each ideally suited to Eterna '27' Cream (in temperament, in brilliant performance).

As you might imagine, every blessing known to science has been lavished on these Eterna '27' newcomers. They are incredibly rich. Yet (astonishingly!) their textures are almost intangibly light, weightless and greaseless.

And this is important: the unique, active ingredient in Eterna '27' Cream works to its fullest capacity in the cream itself—so it is deliberately not duplicated in the corollary preparations. Yet they are all scientifically compatible in every way.

Used together, these 5 preparations could have an effect so startling (so total!)—even skeptics would admit that cosmetic science has hurtled 20 years ahead of its time.

The complete Eterna '27' cycle includes Eterna '27' Skin Cream, Cleansing Formula, Skin Moisturizing Formula, Skin Toning Formula, Facial Masque Formula. You are invited to try them on your skin at your favored store.



FROM THE WORLD'S MOST RENOWNED COSMETIC RESEARCH LABORATORIES



The new night cover. Silver bugle beads glistening over white crepe.
Designed by Marie McCarthy.
Bonwit Teller, New York. J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles. Montaldo's, all stores.

LARRY ALDRICH

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas
Houston
Fort Worth

Touché for Ron Amey
and his checkered suit,
its jacket cut with
the dash of a fencer's.
From our inventive
BURKE-AMEY
collection.



photo by Wilbur Pippin

Anglo Fabrics



ben Zuckerman

designed by harry shacter

ben Zuckerman

designed by harry shacter



Anglo Fabrics
PREMIER

Medieval embroidered Staron Visonia. About $395



TEAL TRAINA

SAKOWITZ
HOUSTON

JOSKE'S
SAN ANTONIO

SELBER'S
SHREVEPORT

MARGARET'S
LUBBOCK

AMELIA GRAY
BEVERLY HILLS

At these and other fine stores everywhere.

Anglo Fabrics



Christian Dior—New York

LORD & TAYLOR—NEW YORK • MONTALDO'S—ALL STORES • NEIMAN-MARCUS—DALLAS & HOUSTON • L. S. AYRES—INDIANA

There is a certain kind of woman who treasures her Hadley cashmeres as others do their minks. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.



What makes Hadley the cherished American cashmere? Cloud softness and attention to the most minute details: perfectly round cashmere buttons, a subtle crocheted pattern and Peck & Peck's own dyed-to-match colors. Seaforth green, Cameron red, Lomond blue. 34 to 40, 30.00. Skirt to match, 17.00

PECK & PECK, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK



2½ yards of black
French lace and paillettes
and 1½ yards of you.

ultimate proportions
by Bill Blass
for Maurice Rentner


Mollie Parnis
AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE
NEW YORK



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL



off we go into the wild new yonder, california! via american airlines,
with all fashion arrangements by joseph magnin (who's latest and largest
store arrival, at century city, los angeles, is a departure from the ordinary). head first with
adolfo's bleached white mink helmet.

JOSEPH



all wrapped up
and ready to go,
teal traina's
oyster-beige
wool great-coat
is as luxurious
as american's
astrojet
accommodations.

MAGNIN

california and nevada

JOSEPH

california

MAGNIN

and nevada



left, soaring to new fashion heights,
a two-piece blue wool plaid
by kasper for joan leslie,
keeps pace with the leader, american airlines.
above, sitting pretty on board,
geoffrey beene's epauleted
charcoal wool jersey suit gets
no end of good looks,
like american's
exclusive astrovision.

right,

ready indeed,

for american's

first-class

21 club

service is

abe schrader's

white two-part

dress with

its own

norwegian

natural

mink-collared

jacket.

far right,

needing only

american's

music 'til dawn,

mardi gras'

high-flown

black silk

chiffon to bead

the band,

wings its way

into the wild

new yonder

JOSEPH MAGNIN

california and nevada





happy landings!

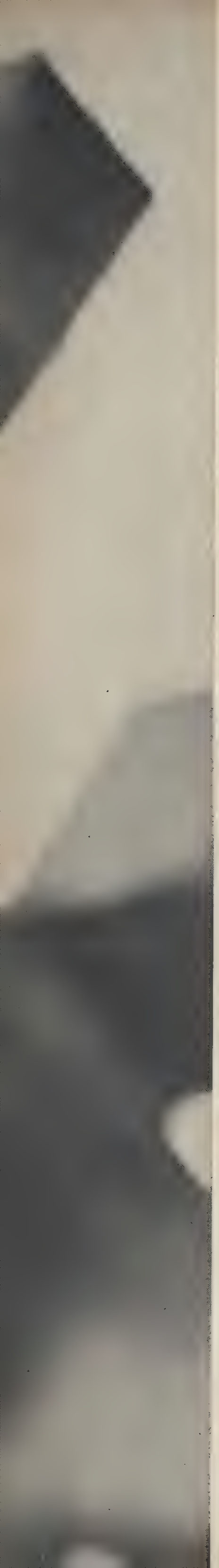


KENNETH PAUL BLOCK

DONALD BROOKS


Sarmi / Nan Duskin Philadelphia
photographed by Peter Fink

SKREBNESKI



A Dramatic Change: The new make-up for moderns by Estée Lauder. Out of the cloud and into the clear comes this strong and beautiful new look by Estée Lauder, destined to ride the new wave of linear shapes and bold architectural fashions. What makes it click is a pale luminous skin, smoky smoldering wide open eyes, barely there brows and a mouth that's full, rounded and ripe as a berry. For the brilliant mouth—the deeper, brighter color and soft-as-cream texture of Lipstick-In-The-Round, a little pot of melty color applied with its own contouring brush. The big, soft vivid eye is fashioned with Contour/Eyes applied with one subtle charcoal stroke across the eyelid. Contoured eyes and ripe lips sit in a porcelain-pure skin—made a jot paler perhaps than your own with Estée Lauder's French Creme, a new no-color color in her sheer Translucent Foundation. Over all goes a finishing film of Transparent Face Powder—marvelously colorless and clear as glass. Here, in essence, is the face that faces the future—clear, calm, delicately strong, dramatic.

Estée Lauder



ADELE SIMPSON



About $60. B. Altman & Co., Marshall Field & Co., Bullock's.

Anglo Fabrics



Zelinka Matlick

Fall's important "total look"—happy blending of subtle russet plaid wool dress with solid matching coat—a cut above all others for customette flattery. Costume also available in solid tones of heather blue or green. About $185.

512 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018

BONWIT TELLER—ALL STORES • JULIUS GARFINCKEL & CO. • DAYTON CO. • B. SIEGEL CO. • FREDERICK & NELSON

Revlon invents wet lipstick

A totally new texture in lipstick. Makes dry lips obsolete!

It's literally loaded with luster! Yet the texture is so light, it almost *skims* on. (Other lipsticks seem to drag on by comparison.) And the look on your lips is simply smashing. Soft, soft, soft. *Distractingly* sensuous. This is the Big Change in lipstick that simply *had* to happen. But nobody (not even Revlon) could bring it off till now. Don't ask how we did it. Our lips are sealed.



New 'Moon Drops' Lipstick

SLOAT



Anglo Fabrics

Baring the knees in houndstooth check. 6-16./Sloat & Company, 525 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10018

I dreamed
I was
a classic beauty
...in my
maidenform
bra



This is the dream you can be—with Maidenform's* new 'Sweet Nothing'* bra. In shy nude lace, with a smooth sweep of stretch across the back. A-B-C cups. Also available with fiberfill contouring. A-B cups. All in Nude, White, or Black. 5.00.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. © 1965 by Maidenform Inc., makers of bras, girdles, active sportswear.

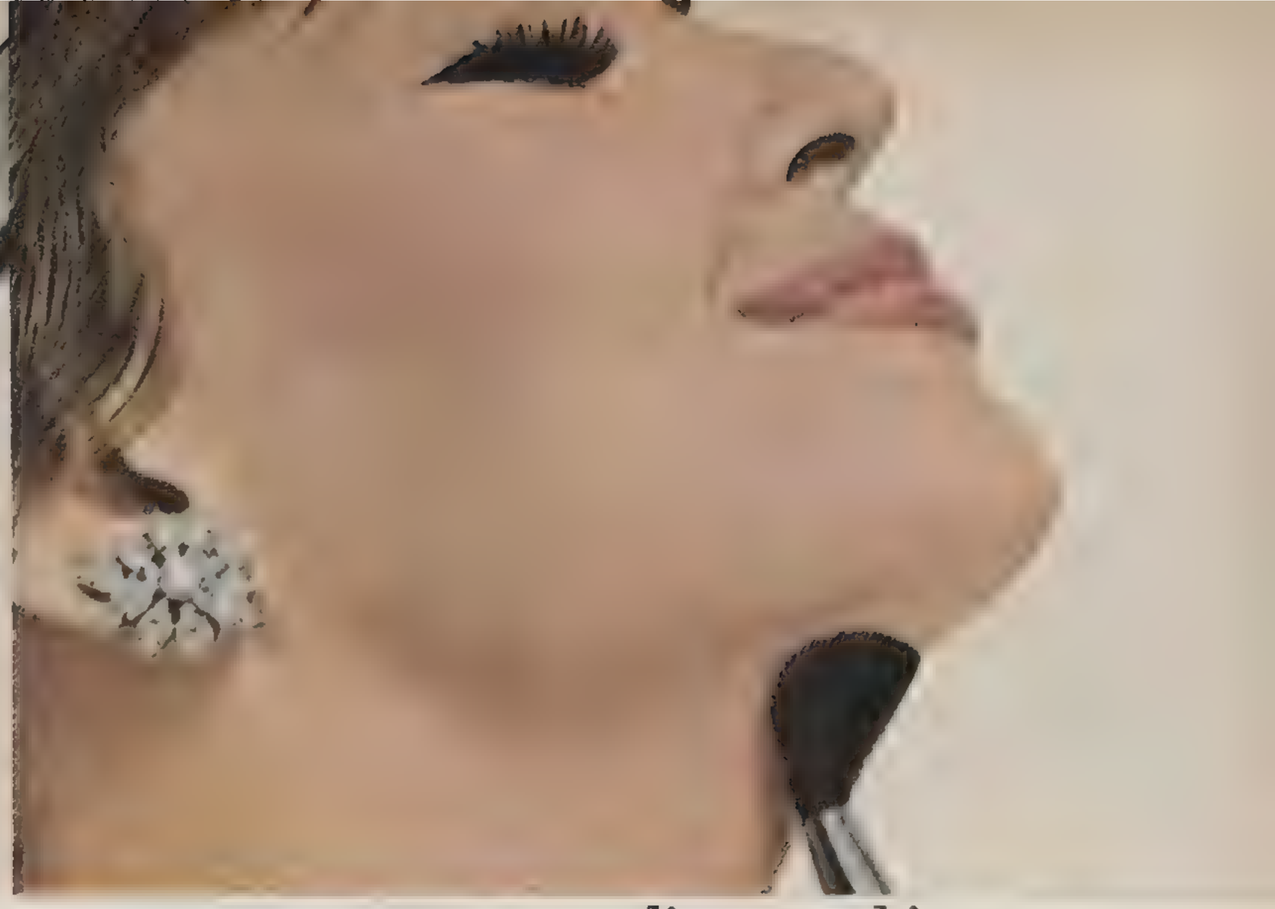
Photographed at the Temple of Neptune, Paestum, Italy.



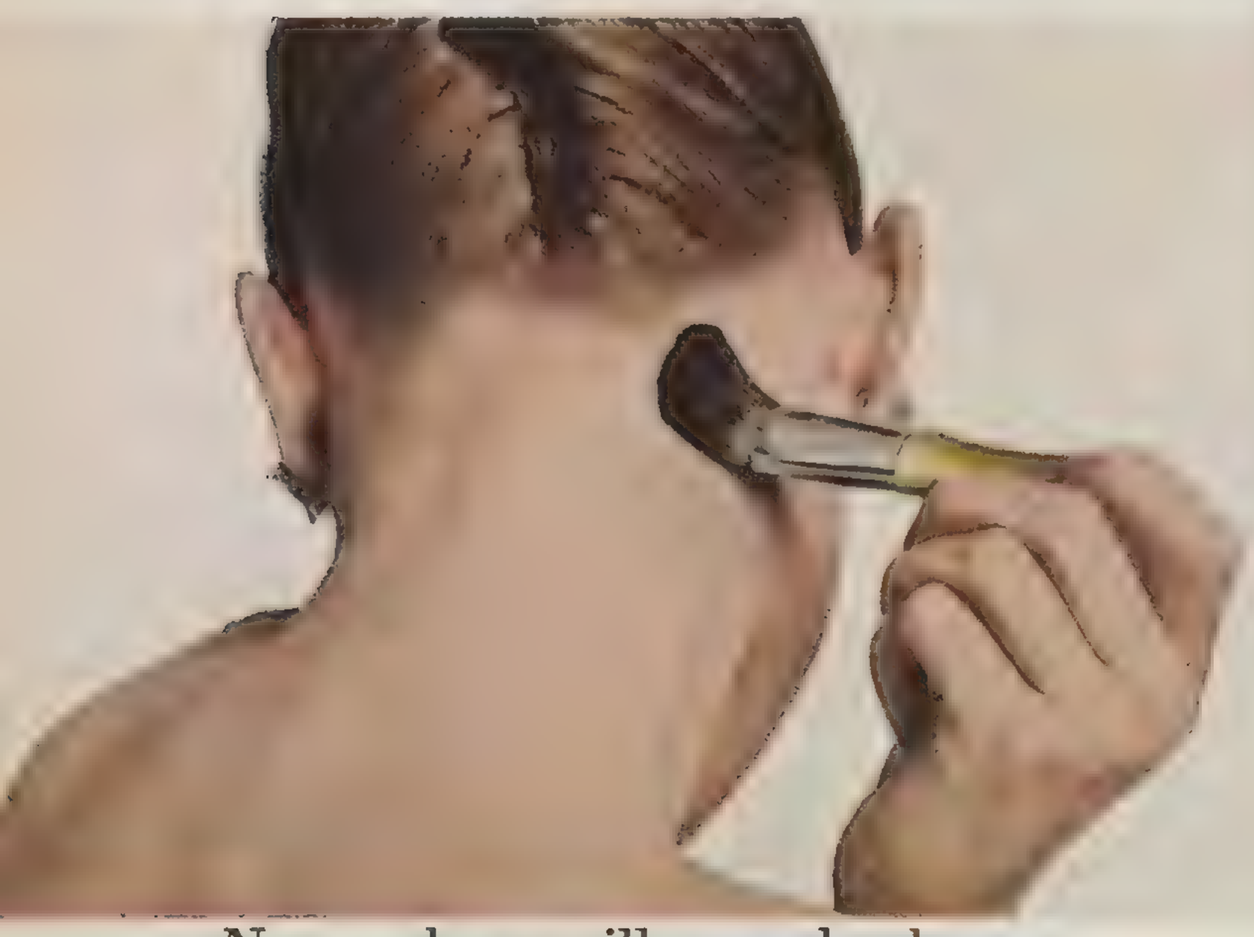
TOWNLEY, INC., 550 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
VOGUE, September 1, 1965



Revlon discovered it first.



1,000,000 women discovered it next.



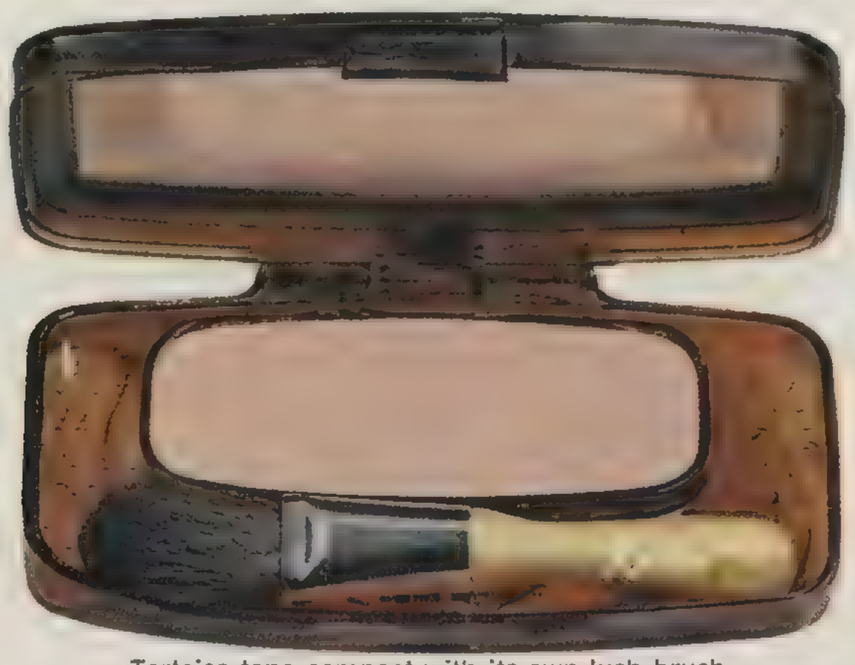
Now makeup will never be the same.



Neither will you.

'BLUSH-ON' by REVLON

The cosmetic that changed the whole idea of makeup



Tortoise tone compact with its own lush brush.

What is this miracle called 'Blush-On'? (Some people call it 'instant health!') It's Revlon's ingenious new 'blushing powder'—the merest, sheerest breath of fresh young color you fluff on all over your face (cheeks, chin, every place!)—with its own soft-as-sable brush. Use it over (or instead of) makeup. Suddenly you look untense, untired, untwined—terrific. (And now you can have 'Blush-On' frosted, too! Frosty Pink, Peach or Amber. And Frosty White—a fragile, no-color shimmery finish that can "switch on" an entire makeup!)





From The Hannah Troy Collection

From the Hannah Troy couturier Collection, 70.00 to 600.00, at America's fashionable stores or write 530 Seventh Avenue, New York.

Celanese® Arnel®



There is only one Arnel. It makes a basket weave well-behaved!

The fresh good looks of basket weave, taught wrinkle-free good manners by Arnel. **R & K's** sheath dress and slightly fitted jacket are perked with striped trim. It's the perfect go-anywhere, do-anything costume. In Cohama's basket weave of *Arnel triacetate and rayon.* Gray or brown. 10-18. About $30.‡ At Lord & Taylor, New York; The Broadway, So. California; Frost Bros., San Antonio; Higbee's, Cleveland; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.

‡Slightly higher on the West Coast

Arnel...a Celanese contemporary fiber

Frost Bros., the fashion store in picturesque San Antonio, Texas



Pattullo-Jo Copeland's restrained elegance in black petit-point worsted with silk satin lacing and bow.

malcolm starr

BY ELINOR SIMMONS



Shannon Rodgers



for Jerry Silverman

For fine stores and details see page 288.

Atlanta has a big league ball club and a new stadium to match.



PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE ATLANTA STADIUM

It also has Rich's.



And Rich's has Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner clothes, bearing the mark of the World's Best... Pure Virgin Wool.
Rich's, Atlanta.

If you're ready for a change of face, Faberge's new Make-OP is ready for you.

It's the late, late look for the new, new you – Faberge's forever-fascinating collection of cosmetics scientifically formulated to create the OPtical Illusion of a far lovelier you.

The secret's in the subtle application of artful 'toners' to shade and shape (misty blues, greens, greys, browns, violets) over 'basic' complexion colours...and never before such breathtakingly beautiful colours for face...eyes...lips...nails!

You owe it to your audience to clue yourself in on this new joie de visage – the man in your life will love it! All you need do is hie yourself straightaway to the most up-to-the-minute store near you and ask the Fabergé consultant for a copy of "LET'S MAKE-OP." It's full of how-to and know-how...and it's yours with Faberge's compliments! After that, the compliments will be yours.

Help stamp out conformity. Make-OP by none other than Fabergé.

Example: This *face started off on the sallow side, so we neutralized it with an all-over veil of MAUVE in a delectable whipped-cream confection called* **Crème Make-OP** *(it comes in 14 fabulously flattering shades for face and eyes). Next, we misted the entire face with peachy NUDE...and* then *the fun began.*

We contoured the squarish jaw and invented cheek hollows with FAWN, a marvelous creamy brown. Then we lit up face and eyes by brushing **Matte Make-OP** *in pearly LUNA all* across *and* down *the center of the face – a clever fool-the-eye maneuver borrowed from Renoir.* **Matte Make-OP** *is a gossamer never-before brush-on compact makeup for face* and eyes, *in the same glorious colours.*

Next, we enlarged the eye area with soft shadows of **Water-Colour Make-OP** *(here, a marvel called FOG)...lifted the brow with warm under-lights, lengthened the lid, reflected the greeny-gold iris with luminous GOLD PATINA. To frame the eye and cast tantalizing shadows, we added a fringe of* **FlutterLash,** *Faberge's feather-soft three-way convertible lashes. To diffuse and 'set' the look, we fluffed on* **Beauty Buff,** *no-colour translucent powder.*

The lips - did you notice? - are wearing a glaze of **Lip Make-OP:** *MANGO GLACÉ on upper lip, PETAL GLACÉ on lower. Glisten, courtesy sheer ROCK CANDY GLACÉ.* **Lip Make-OP** *is no ordinary lipstick...it's a juicy lip treat in delicious candy-kiss colours, designed to be worn alone or tone-on-tone!*

You, too, can put your best face forward with **Make-OP** *by* **Fabergé.**



JULIUS GARFINCKEL & CO.
IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL

PATTULLO-JO COPELAND STARS THE DRAMATIC THEATRE SUIT IN BLACK MOIRE COUPE DE VELOURS COUNTERED BY WHITE SATIN.

JEROME DUCROT

IN NEW YORK AT DE PINNA





THE GREAT LEG...
AS HANES SEES IT

Beautiful! Colorful!
In textured nylons that
make your legs look slick
not thick. Hanes did it.
And you can have these
flattering, shattering
beauties in a caboodle
of colors. Choose as
many as you like.
They're Chroma by Hanes.
And if Hanes goes to the
trouble of slimming the
textured nylon, imagine
what other delicacies
it has in store for you.

Great legs deserve

Hanes

others need them.



From the land of heather-upon-the-hill, Bernhard Altmann's marled cashmeres.
This is colouring that's pure Scottish countryside. Heather colouring.
With the rich striations of marl found only in Bernhard Altmann cashmere yarns.
Soft, creamy yarns imported from Galashiel, a small village tucked deep in the Scottish hills.
Then knit in the U.S.A. with all the Altmann chic apparent here.
Shown, left to right, Mystic Green, Mystic Navy, Mystic Ruby, Mystic Gold.
Sweaters from $30. Skirts that match in cashmere or worsted from $20.
And these but a few from a very great collection. At fine stores,
or write Bernhard Altmann, a division of McGregor-Doniger Inc.,
1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Bernhard Altmann



Contemporary composition of color and texture, elegance and nonchalance. By B. H. Wragge. Town & Country.

HUDSON'S
the Woodward Shops
DETROIT

by
BRANELL

Gus Mayer

ODUM, BOWERS & WHITE, BIRMINGHAM METZGER'S, MOBILE BERKELEYS, FRESNO LEVY'S, MEMPHIS



Jos Mayer

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all this and

COTTON TOO



Estevez has a "line" that women can't resist. This line. Direct, dramatic, ending in a flourish at the knee. He's brought it to life in cotton—cotton velveteen —mysterious as our Madame X, rich and regal, needing no adornment but itself. Wear it—and watch what happens when you walk into a room.

100% COTTON
THE FIBER YOU CAN TRUST

National Cotton Council, Box 12285, Memphis, Tennessee 38112.



HARRY FRECHTEL CORP., 205 W. 39TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10018

Ambush

perfume by

Dana


Eugene Karlin
Ambush
Dana



CISA (cheés-â) *n.* Italian: the most *favolosa* female designer extant! *adj.* the world's smartest fashions for the world's greatest women. Clothes by Cisa are available to the American market only via her man: Imports International Inc., 1410 Broadway, New York. "White Ice" shown, available at America's poshest stores.

KASPER FOR JOAN LESLIE



A DIVISION OF LESLIE FAY

For fine stores and details see page 285.



SLIP SHOWN: 100% ANTRON* NYLON.

Heavenly, from FISCHER: the radiant crepe tricot of ANTRON®

Talk about dreamy lingerie, this is it! In new pebble tricot of "Antron". It's opulent, opaque. Thoroughly feminine and fair. In blue, ivory, white, black or pink (regular or short). About $13. At Rich's, Atlanta; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles; Lord & Taylor, New York & branches. (Slightly higher on West Coast.)

*Du Pont's registered trademark.



MONTALDO'S Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, North Carolina • Richmond, Virginia •
St. Louis, Missouri • Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Oklahoma • Columbus, Ohio •
East Orange & Short Hills, N.J. Doop's


you'll love
living in the
Spotlight Be the beastess in the leastest (and latest) thing, a svelte pelt of weightless nylon-and-Lycra® stretch tricot. It's the newest version of Vanity Fair's chic inner Skinner, and you wear it under everything you own. Absolutely wild except for ribbon stretch straps and shaped seaming. Otherwise there's nothing to it. So feel free! ... Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N
VANITY FAIR
lingerie • gurdles



Robert Sloan

BLUE CHIP COLLECTION

designed by Sylvia de Jay

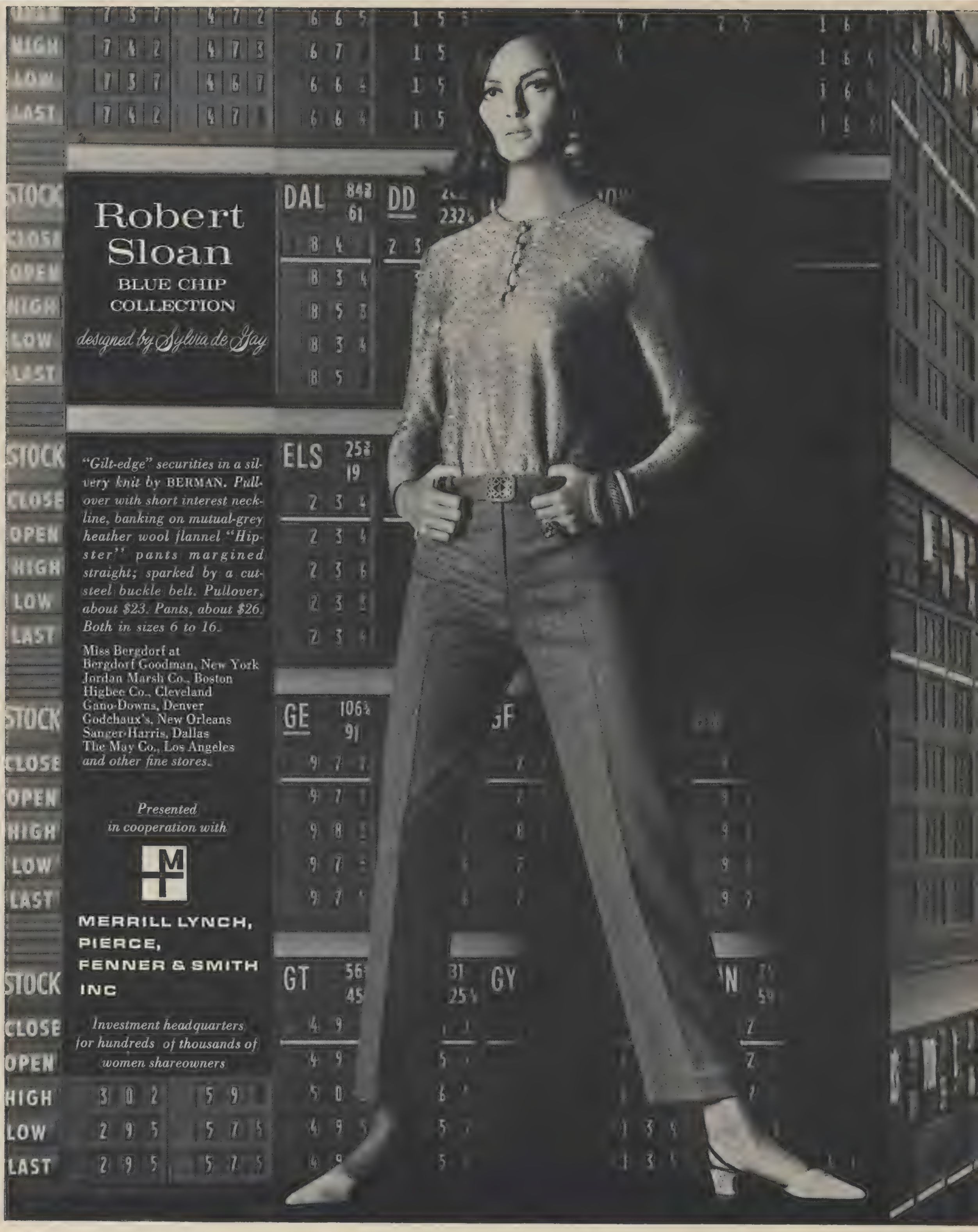
Preferred sporting look . . . with big dividends on the "Stock-Smock", tailored with welt-seams and hidden front zipper in EINIGER'S *luxurious white wool fleece; strikes a new high with the turtle neckline sweater in deep ribbed knit. Trousers in Wall Street checks are margined with black braid. "Stock-Smock", white, about $55. Sleeveless sweater, black or white, about $18. Trousers, Brown/black/white worsted checks, about $30. Sizes 6 to 16.*

Miss Bergdorf at Bergdorf Goodman, New York
The Blum Store, Philadelphia — Himelhoch's, Detroit
Montaldo's, all stores — Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati
Sakowitz, Houston — Joseph Magnin, San Francisco
and other fine stores everywhere.

Presented in cooperation with

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC

Investment headquarters for hundreds of thousands of women shareowners


Robert Sloan
BLUE CHIP COLLECTION
designed by Sylvia de Jay
"Gilt-edge" securities in a silvery knit by BERMAN. Pullover with short interest neckline, banking on mutual-grey heather wool flannel "Hipster" pants margined straight; sparked by a cut-steel buckle belt. Pullover, about $23. Pants, about $26. Both in sizes 6 to 16.
Miss Bergdorf at
Bergdorf Goodman, New York
Jordan Marsh Co., Boston
Higbee Co., Cleveland
Gano-Downs, Denver
Godchaux's, New Orleans
Sanger-Harris, Dallas
The May Co., Los Angeles
and other fine stores.
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women shareowners



Robert Sloan

BLUE CHIP COLLECTION

designed by Sylvia de Gay

Current dress assets with par value, double portfolio pockets, skirt flared with knee option, all invested in wool knit, traced with a ticker-tape border in a tri-color pattern. In Beige/Pink/Brown or in Beige/Blue/Grey. Dress, about $55. Sizes 6 to 16. "Over-Riders", spats with side-buttons in wool jersey, about $16. One size fits all.

Miss Bergdorf at
Bergdorf Goodman, New York
Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh
Burdine's, Miami
Erlebacher's, Washington, D.C.
Bramson's, Chicago
Famous Barr, St. Louis
Haggarty's, Beverly Hills
and other fine stores.

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Love L'Air du Temps
the romantic fragrance . . .



Love it this new way . . . L'Air du Temps

Airomatique by Nina Ricci

PARIS

Dawn of a new day in spray . . . the Airomatique! An original Lalique flacon with a very special atomizer, created in Paris by Marcel Franck. Just a touch of your finger releases a fine mist of L'Air du Temps Eau de Toilette. It's all fragrance. And all in all the most beautiful addition to your boudoir since sprays were first invented. Easily refilled, leak-proof and spill-proof. **Eau de Toilette 2½ ozs., $6.50**
In Capricci, 2½ ozs., $7.50

HARVEY BERIN

Designed by Karen Stark



If you have a shiny metal dress
by all means wear a shiny metal zipper.



On Brunhilde,
a little more dazzle can't hurt.
But if you dress
the way most women do,
wear the new Talon Zephyr,®
a soft, unobtrusive nylon zipper
that's permanently dyed to blend
with the color of your fabric.
Be sure the Talon Zephyr
is in your next new dress.
Unless you're wearing it to sing
an aria in Die Walküre.



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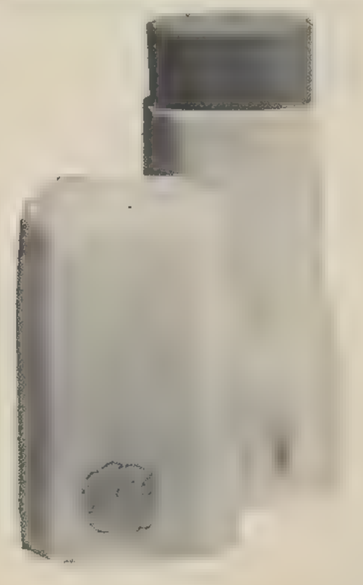


JEWELS BY TOBIAS, BEVERLY HILLS © MAX FACTOR 1965

It's very easy to look rich and be beautiful... Max Factor proves it!

With Pan-Stik your fortune is your face. It makes you look very, very rich. Pan-Stik make-up covers every flaw and uneven skin tone–with the creamy richness that delicate or dry skins crave.

Just stroke it on from its swivel stick. See what luxury feels like. And what perfection looks like. Next time you dress up for diamonds, make up with Pan-Stik. It's the real thing.



Pan-Stik® Make-up by Max Factor



Nat Kaplan designs for good girls

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

The compleat cleanser: a new angle

Aside from shifty eyesight when putting it on, the only problem about eye makeup is sometimes getting it off. As any woman who knows anything about skin knows for sure, the brutality of removing the collection of paints, greases, pencils, powders that may decorate an eye can do wrong by the eyelids and the delicate surface above the eye. There are eye makeup removal pads and special oils to deal with this circumstance, but when something comes along that not only wipes off all the eye décor but all the rest of the face trimming, too, that something is as modern as we like a something to be. The dream in mind here (and it is no longer a dream but a fact, as of right now) is Helena Rubinstein's Skin Dew Cleanser Concentrate and Eye Make-up Remover. A new formula approach gives it its versatile efficiency; special solvents dissolve the cosmetics residue that clings fast to the eye department, as well as the balance of the face. Tissued off or rinsed off, it leaves the entire face immaculate and wholesomely moisturized. A cool white cream in a generously-sized, stand-up pink tube.

How not to stand out like a sore foot

Watched her limping down, her footwork obviously recently impaired, from the African Tree House at the Fair. Did an ape get her foot, we wondered, or was she, like the "most women" we'd been reading about, wearing her stockings "at least a half size too small?" She sat down on a bench near a fountain, removed her shoes, and took from her purse a narrow green spray can with a daisy on it. Whoosh went something onto one stockinged foot . . . then whoosh again onto the other. Her face brightened, up she got, and smart and straight on her way she marched. . . . That is, generally, the fascinating resuscitation performed on emotionally disturbed feet (disturbed by heat, shoes, or just sleepiness) by a new spray called Living Steps. Bendene, a special compound in it, teams up with a couple of other solacing ingredients, and the results are coolly ravishing. No-stain, no-stick, transparent, so pretty-smelling it leaves the room as well as the feet happy, Living Steps can do emergency duty right through stockings. Comes in big and handbag sizes; Bendyne, the manufacturer; Lord & Taylor, Neiman-Marcus, and I. Magnin among the shops.

Born losers: read on carefully

We know you. You'd find life a lot less nerve-wracking if you could buy gloves by the three, earrings in trio, and indeed you'd be happy to use a third hand more often than not. Therefore, for you, and you include just about everybody we know, plus us: false eyelashes in troika. "A pair to wear and a spare" is the rhyme on the box of something called, believe it or not, W'Eyes Guise. There's one shaped for the left eye, one for the right, and one sitting on the bench, awaiting loss, damage, or retirement of right or left fake eyelash. The spare could also be cut up and used to thicken the plot of the original pair. All three W'Eyes Guise are composed of Vulon, a new synthetic that bears an uncanny resemblance to natural hair, is hypoallergenic, repels dust, is washable . . . you name it, they claim Vulon does it. W'Eyes Guise are fine-feathered and self-adhesive, which means four or five wearings before adhesive need be added. And that adhesive just happens to arrive, entubed, in the same box with the Guise.

On quickening the blondness

A toner, in the hair-colour lexicon, is the formula that imparts the exactly-desired shade of blond to already-bleached hair. Ordinarily, toning is a 15-to-45-minute operation. Heads that require toning every three or four weeks will appreciate this news: in the vats of hair-colour laboratories are being stirred up possibilities for reducing the timing of toning. Helene Curtis, for instance, has produced a 10-minute creme toner called Misty Blonde, the first 10-minute toner ever and new this month in the beauty salons. Applied to the roots, it is combed through the hair at once, all to the good of even shading and scalp comfort. Misty Blonde comes in twelve degrees of blondness, pure white through sweet honey—all shades mixable with each other, of course, for very high-toned toning.

New fodder for the fragrance cupboard

For five years a certain perfumed hair spray has been the darling of some of the beautiful people of France, and some of the beautiful internationals who shop there. It has achieved its status for several reasons, notably the way it follows through on a few of the world's great scents. Another because, without leaving a clue that there's artificial help involved, it bestows on hair (Continued, next page)



and bad

designed by Martin Unger Frank Gallant, New York



unmistakably®



Frank Gallant

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

interesting vitality and lustre. Name is Capillaque, producer is the long-revered House of Guerlain, and, starting this month, it will no longer be a stranger to our shores since Guerlain is introducing it around the U. S. A. in five classic flavours: Shalimar, Chant d'Arômes, L'Heure Bleue, Mitsouko, and Vol de Nuit. . . . Fineness of spray, resultant sheen, holding power are among the attractions of Capillaque (see its packaging, below left). But certainly Capillaque's biggest draw is the opportunity it offers a woman to move about with a well-loved scent firmly and helpfully and lastingly stationed overhead. Altman's; Halle Bros.





Brushmanship: face division

To brush a face clean, proceed as follows. Latch onto a good complexion brush. Soften bristles in warm water. Rub brush across soap until brush splendidly lathered. Start by brushing lightly up from base of throat. Circle up from chin centre to ear base, from mouth corners to ear centres, thence down to nose. Be especially diligent with wings of nose and march from there up and out to forehead. Not only to remove soap film but to brace the face, rinse-rinse with warm water, rinse-rinse with cool water. Pat dry. . . . These are the good instructions of Jaquet, French cosmetics house, on the most constructive use of their natural-bristled, pink-handled complexion brush. Brush had its picture taken, as see above right, with Jaquet's famous soap, Savon Hygiénique *pour le visage*. A neat and aromatic little bar, Savon Hygiénique is compounded of oils and milk solids, is non-alkaline, contains antiseptic to dismay bacteria. Fast to lather and slow to go, it keeps its figure resolutely right up to the finish line, a commendable quality in a soap as all soap dishes will agree.

(as seen on opposite page)



dan millstein

Blue Yonder Suit...
available at these fine stores

BLOOMINGDALE'S, New York

Ann Arbor, Mich.	HUTZEL'S
Baltimore, Md.	HOCHSCHILD, KOHN
Beverly Hills, Cal.	BYERS OF BEVERLY
Binghamton, N.Y.	DRAZENS
Boston, Mass.	JORDAN, MARSH
Bristol, Tenn.	NEW FASHION SHOP
Chicago, Ill.	BRAMSON'S
Cleveland, Ohio	ENGEL & FETZER
Columbia, S.C.	HALTIWANGER'S
Columbus, Ohio	MADISON'S
Dallas, Texas	SANGER-HARRIS
Dayton, Ohio	BILLY LEWIS
Dothan, Ala.	BLUMBERG'S
Des Moines, Iowa	COWNIE FURS
East Orange, N.J.	DON'S
Jackson, Miss.	THE VOGUE
Los Angeles, Cal.	BULLOCK'S
Madison, Wisc.	SIMPSON'S
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Paducah, Ky.	JEANS
Philadelphia, Pa.	THE BLUM STORE
Pittsburgh, Pa.	KAUFMANN'S
Portland, Oregon	CHAS. F. BERG
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.	HELEN WRIGHT
Quincy, Mass.	ANNE STARR
Raleigh, N.C.	ELLISBERGS
Rochester, N.Y.	B. FORMAN
St. Louis, Mo.	FAMOUS-BARR
Salisbury, N.C.	OESTREICHER
San Francisco, Cal.	ROOS/ATKINS
Scranton, Pa.	BOOKS FURS
Seattle, Wash.	THE BON MARCHE
Springfield, Ill.	MYERS
Terre Haute, Ind.	WOLF'S
Washington, D.C.	LANSBURGH'S
Waukegan, Ill.	HEIN'S
West Los Angeles, Cal.	BULLOCK'S WESTWOOD

or write to: Dan Millstein
205 West 39th Street, New York

the Wooletin

VOL. 2 WW-2165 PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN WOOL COUNCIL

Blue Yonder: Wool's Wildly Beautiful New Color.

Once in a great while, a color like this one comes along.
A color intensely beautiful, deep enough to get lost in.
A color that can only happen in wool.
For wool is true to every hue and shade—never fading, never changing.

Dan Millstein Walks Away With Fashion Honors

Well-Dressed/Wool-Dressed starts here, with Dan Millstein's stunning new suit. The fabric, a pure wool bouclé woven by Rochambeau Mills, is a superb example of the American Way with Wool. Also available in black, oyster, camel and purple. Sizes 6-16. About $130. For store names, see opposite page, or write:
Dept. 2165, American Wool Council,
570 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y.



HAT BY MR. JOHN

Ooh



French Ribbons for bravery under clothes. The bra, with ribbon and lace, $5. Matching half slip, $5. Both in tricot.

la la



French Ribbons® for bravery over nothing. The sleep shift, $9. The sleep suit with pink pants, $13. In tricot, out.

French Ribbons by Warner's®

The first 100% cotton stretch knit that doesn't do crazy things in the wash.



Thalknit™ by Alamac

Think of it—less than 1% shrinkage in both length and width! And no ironing. It's the cotton stretch knit you run through your washer and dryer—and then put right on. It looks and feel and fits exactly as it did when you bought it. It takes a revolutionary new fabric to behave that well. And that's exactly what Thalknit is.

Robert Sloan chose Thalknit for this breezy, young ensemble. Fabulous "Underwriter" turtle-neck shirt that won't slide up, in crazy dots of pimento and brown, grey and yellow, or black and white. Sizes 6 to 14, about $26. Matching spats, about $18. Hip-skimming, front-pleated skirt in brown, grey, or black. Sizes 6 to 14, about $23. At Bergdorf-Goodman, New York; Giddings-Jenny, Cincinnati; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Gano-Downs, Denver; Diamond's, Phoenix; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C. Thalknit by Alamac Knitting Mills, 1412 Broadway, N. Y. 10018.

SHOES: ANDREW GELLER

Jobère

BY MORTY SUSSMAN



BERGDORF GOODMAN BRAMSON'S RICH'S



The properties to look for

THE VIEW. Take the long range view. Be sure the chic you see now will still be around two seasons from now.

BUILT TO LAST. Don't settle for facade alone. Examine the construction. Details like buttonholes, seams, hems, tip you off to how a design will hold up.

A FUNCTIONAL PLAN. Take this Rona for instance. It's planned to perfection. A functional triplex with gently shaped jacket, dirndle effect skirt, diagonal button blouse, it meets more of your clothes needs than you ever thought one ensemble could. The jacket and skirt suit your tailored life, then bare to a blouse elegant enough for going on to any after-five soireé.

INVESTMENT DETAILS. Designed in three perfect parts, this Rona costume is superb in textured weave worsted. The colors to choose from are Royal, Jade, Camel or Red. The sizes are 6 to 16. The price about 70.00. At Lord & Taylor, J. Wanamaker, Fretzels, Sakowitz Bros., J. Magnin or write to Rona, 498 Seventh Ave., New York.

Rona

The sensation of Liquessence Dorothy Gray did it!

Now: Lipcolor that moisturizes...lips that feel luscious as they look. The very essence of wetness, the lovely sensation of it on your lips...captured in Liquessence, the original rave-notice discovery introduced by Dorothy Gray. Liquessence is the only lipcolor with DG's own special moisturizers...the reason no other formula that came later compares in creaminess, in cling. Lightly, Liquessence slips over your lips, shimmering them with color that stays on and on.

Choose from 22 delicious lipshades, each $2. Scoop up several!





smile little shoe, you're a Jantzen

Yes, little shoe, you're a Show Girl: just the kid to do the lizard bit. Offspring of a volatile vamp and hellion of a heel with an angle all its own. Own up and show up in your Show Girls, girls. Just wear a smile and a Jantzen. And don't forget your shoes. About $14.00* at St. Louis, Stix, Baer & Fuller; Seattle, Frederick & Nelson; Indianapolis, The Wm. H. Block Co.; New York, Best & Co.; Columbus, Ohio, Lazarus; Cleveland, The May Co. How about that.

Wouldn't you like to be in our shoes? Most of America is. International Shoe Co., St. Louis, Mo. 63166, Jantzen Shoe Division *PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER DENVER WEST



ABE SCHRADER'S STUNNING FORSTMANN TWEED COAT COSTUME GOES EVERYWHERE, NOW AND LATER. ABOUT $160, SIZES 8 TO 16 AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE. DESIGNED BY BELLE SAUNDERS FOR ABE SCHRADER, 530 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Abe Schrader

the girl who has everything



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. . . has Lanz after Lanz after Lanz

sensuous, sans sleeve woolen . . . with a talent for dining, a genius for dancing . . . in ruby red or jet black, 5 to 15 sizes $50

LANZ, 6150 WILSHIRE BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90048 | PARIS

the proud, young brilliance is Heiser



the fiber is American Bemberg® **ab**

Here, the new shape of night. Tall, stately with the dancing radiance of moonlight. That's the alluring alchemy of this comes-dark suit designed by Silvano for Heiser. Fine cut and curved to intimate much, reveal nothing. In a shimmering blend woven of American Bemberg rayon and silk by Syntex. Great-evening colors of elegant pink, emerald green, sapphire blue, white, black and eight others. Or in combination. 6 to 16. About $130. Beaunit Fibers, Division of Beaunit Corporation, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

At B. Altman & Co., New York; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Bullock's, Sherman Oaks; Marie Leavell, Dallas and fine stores everywhere.

AMERICAN BEMBERG RAYON IS A Beaunit FIBER



You can buy Hair Spray DE Pantene®

in Paris, France; London, England; Madrid, Spain

and in enlightened stores, U.S.A.





Pray do. Years now, Hair Spray DE Pantene has been the secret chic of Europe's natural beauties. Because it contains D-Panthenol, a pro-vitamin that enriches the hair. In consequence, Pantene takes less to do more. Deep-conditions while it does. Helps keep the hair shining-clean and healthy looking. Does the same for tired hair. For color-treated hair, too. Now it is here. Three ways. In the blue container, for a natural hold. In the white, for a soft hold. And now, and new, in the violet container, for a firm hold. At about 2.00 the container. Also here now: Forming DE Pantene, to set and condition your hair. About 3.00. Both, at these, the enlightened: Henri Bendel, Bonwit Teller, Julius Garfinckel, Marshall Field & Co., Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin & Co., and other fine stores. The Pantene Co., 555 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Hair Spray DE Pantene®

TOTAL LOOK TWEEDS



Designed by Dorothy Cox...Left: White pima cotton blouse and wool Shepherd sweater tops the country tweed skirt, in green, navy, red, and brown. The total look, about $50. Right: Pure silk broadcloth blouse and alpaca sweater, color keyed to wool and mohair tweed skirt in turquoise, pink, and brown. The total look, about $80. All items available separately.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH / HUTZLER'S, BALTIMORE / JULIUS GARFINCKEL & CO., WASHINGTON, D.C. / WOOLF BROTHERS, KANSAS CITY / FRANCES BREWSTER, LAKE PLACID, WINTER PARK / PORT O'CALL, PASADENA / LAKE FOREST SPORT SHOP, LAKE FOREST. OR WRITE: TANNER OF NORTH CAROLINA, 530 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018.

IN THE TANNER MANNER



Costume supreme—nutria in natural, white or black lavishly lined dress of dove-soft wool. Brilliant or subtle tones. 6-12

BERGDORF GOODMAN AND FINE STORES IN U.S.A. SWITZERLAND, ENGLAND, HOLLAND, SWEDEN

FRED HAAR ORIGINALS, 512 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018

Even the next morning a little Taji still lingers



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Taji is a hauntingly beautiful new fragrance in a totally new perfume form. All pure perfume oil, instead of the traditional blend of oil and volatile alcohol, a few drops of Taji touched to your skin will last throughout the day or night. Why, the Taji you wear when you go out in the evening will even still linger a little by morning. Taji in Perfume Oil 7.50, also in a Spray for bath and shower and a Soap.



Taji

AT LAST A PERFUME THAT LASTS



Texturecolors

Take a giant step into exotic fashion with texture and color. Two intriguing seamless sheers in Scroll and Rambler Rose patterns in colors to go with every costume. Since Phoenix practically invented textured stockings, small wonder they're the first to have them in the eight magnificent colors shown.

Phoenix®

Another fine product of Kayser-Roth

Natural born good looks

We believe in them—always have.
Here is fresh proof: our casual suit, its excellence implicit in the warp and woof of the alive, natural Pendleton wool.
This is our rich, flecked *confetti tweed,* in flaming or dreaming Autumn colors.
Choose, and match your favorite fleck to an absolutely bumper crop of tops.
Casual Suit 55.00, Sleeveless Shell 8.00, Pillbox Hat, in better stores everywhere.

For literature, write Dept. V-52, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, Oregon 97201.





Pendleton Country Clothes

© 1965 PWM



Crompton Corduroy just acts rich.

It can afford to with the affluent design of Originala. The elegance is Crompton's wide wale cotton corduroy in a double breasted town coat leather belted slimly at the waist. Be practical. Buy it in black olive. Sizes 6-16. Then go out and bid on that Blue Period Picasso.

Originala coat available at Lord & Taylor, New York; Hutzler Bros., Baltimore; Blum's Vogue, Chicago; Godchaux's, New Orleans.

Crompton-Richmond Company-Inc. 1071 Avenue of the Americas, NY 18.

Looking lovely longer is an inner secret.

The secret is Pellon interfacing. It keeps the shape in nearly everything that says you're a woman. Pellon is the non-woven inner construction that holds the fashion lines you love, enduring countless washings and cleanings. Look for the Pellon tag on the best dresses, coats, hats, slacks, bathing suits, bras — even handbags and luggage. Let Pellon keep your inner secrets.

Pellon® non-woven interfacings keep the shape



®T.M. Pellon Corp., © Pellon Corp. 1965



Loose powder and the single girl

Men like beautiful girls. Isn't it annoying how they carry on? You no sooner think you have him all wrapped up than he gets that nauseating look in his eye – and you know he's watching some gorgeous slink of pure perfection passing by.

So what can you do? You can do better. That's what. Because chances are your face is not nearly as pretty as it could be right now.

Is it? Do you take the time to use loose powder? Do you really know how? Do you know that there's simply no other form of make-up on this green earth that can make you look as beautiful?

You don't? If you're single, that's disastrous. If you're married, it's not good either. (The band's on his finger, not over his eyes.) Because there's a whole slew of flawless beauties walking around. And they won't tell you their secret . . . but we will . . .

. . . loose powder! Lots of it! But good grief, not just any old stuff. The whole magic is in the fineness. And the finest, by far, is the most famous– the one and only Coty 'Airspun.' So light it's not just sifted– it's actually spun in air. Sent whirling at the rate of 3,600 revolutions per minute in a virtual tornado! Can you imagine what this incredible sheerness looks like on your face?

So let loose! Start with a silken base of Instant Beauty fluid foundation. Then heap on the magic: ravishing Coty 'Airspun' Powder. Don't spare it! Puff it on with abandon. Layer on layer of colored light– going on like sheer gold air, tawny air, essence of opal, moondust. (Over a dozen shades to choose from!) Then lightly dust off excess. Shadows and lines seem to wash away. All you can see is cream of velvet. All he can see is cream of you. That's the 2-minute secret of the great beauties who look and live like Saturday night (and let the lazy ladies have the thicker, quicker make-ups and all the Monday mornings).

Free to single girls (and married women who want to look single). "The Big Tip Off"...a private edition beauty-fashion book with experts' own make-up tricks and fashion forecast for '66. Coupon with every powder purchase.

COTY

'AIRSPUN' FACE POWDER

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B. H. Wragge puts his inimitable signature on Einiger's 24K Cashmere. Pure line and shape and motion in a back-button topover suit. The look, feel and sheer lushness of the fabric says that it's unmistakably Einiger. Vicuna, Silver Mist or Pale Yellow. Sizes 6-14. About $155. At Bonwit Teller, all stores, I. Magnin, all stores and Gus Mayer Stores. Or write Einiger Mills, Inc., 111 W. 40th Street, New York 10018.



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Private Wire from Everywhere

Rome

"The most desired invitations for Sunday are for the luncheon parties at the Palladian house on the beach at Sabaudia with Contessa Volpi di Misurata. The men all wear the Lacoste shirt with red or white trousers and Capri black sandals; the girls in pants, too, before they change to bikinis. Recently on the beach with the Contessa were: Prince and Princess Alexander of Yugoslavia, Prince William of Gloucester, Mrs. Rodman de Heeren with a pink linen parasol, Comtesse Clementine de Maillé in an African sarong, and Contessa Consuelo Crespi in a white jersey bikini. (Mr. George Sebastian, however, had on a white wool Roman toga.) At six, the whole group goes to Mass at Sabaudia's church."

London

The Devonshire Ball: "The Ducal heir fêted for three days, with fireworks, cricket matches against the locals, special trains bringing guests from London. Floodlit, with vast water cascade of fountains all illuminated. (Capability Brown in the eighteenth century laid out the gardens, the grounds.) All the statues at 'Chatsworth' draped in ivy, and the necks of marble animals collared with flowers. Chandeliers' light too harsh for beauty. The death knell of the tailcoat—only the French Ambassador wore one. . . . The international set with their hairdos all looking 'wrong' and the array of dishevelled Cavendishes looking right. God, the strength of the British aristocracy. The train back to London left at four-thirty in the morning. The daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire sat on the poorest luggage at Matlock Station, waiting for a slower, later train in the incessant rain. Evangeline Bruce supplied a marvellous picnic for some of us in her rooms at the New Bath Hotel. An experience!"

The Book Society of Britain has taken *Cecil Beaton's Diaries: 1939-1944* which the young are reading to find out what happened, and the older ones to stimulate their memories. He has everything here—fascinating people, visits to photograph commandos, bomber groups, fighter groups, life in New York, London, Chungking, India, and especially five minutes spent with Sir Winston Churchill at 10 Downing Street. "Churchill, still with cigar in mouth, looked so lonely and alone in this large room. This would make an aptly symbolic picture. . . . Although his sentences were not perfectly formed, I would hazard that the following would be an interpretation of the barks, wheezes, and grunts that turned my blood cold: 'Hey, damn you, young fellow, what the hell are you up to with your monkey tricks? Stop all this nonsense! I hate candid camera photographs! Wait till I'm prepared: the glass of port taken away, my spectacles so—this box shut, the papers put away thus—now then—I'm ready, but don't try any cleverness on me!' "

Paris

Now that the great balls and galas are over, everyone has flown off to other parts of Europe—to Greece, Italy, the South of France, Spain—to coagulate in the same circles with the periphery somewhat amorphous. Wherever they are, a friend wrote: "I discovered that no one notices the dress that you are wearing—you actually are only noticed for your hair and the next morning the girls' talk is: 'I liked or disliked her hair'—the dress is never mentioned. Interesting, so why spend all that money?"

Greece

A Greek friend wrote: "Took car and guide and visited Zakro, where a fabulous new palace was discovered two years ago. The amazing sewers still function! Visited a beach called Vai—it is covered with palm trees. The legend is that the army of one of the Egyptian kings rested here and ate dates. Thus this wonderful exotic beach."

The Anne Fogarty

shown on opposite page
is available at these fine stores.
Anne Fogarty Inc., 550 Seventh Ave., N.Y.18

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"I was thinking of
the great ball gowns
of old Vienna,
and the small-boned look
of princesses in fairy tales.
I wanted to translate them
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all line and no ornament—
that would make the wearer
look and feel, not like a
woman dressed up as a princess,
but like a born princess,
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the Wooletin

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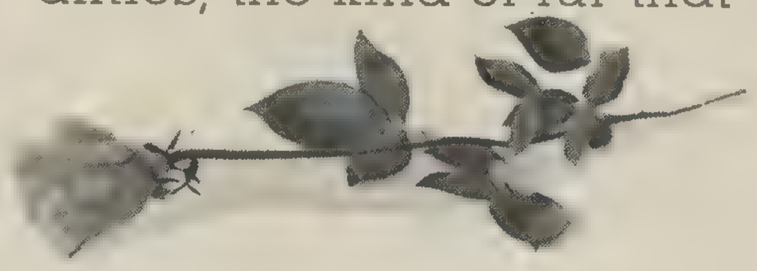
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Frank Gallant

"Portrait in Blue"

By Eleanor Clark

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Eleanor Clark, who in private life is married to Robert Penn Warren, won the 1964 National Book Award for her extraordinary book,* The Oysters of Locmariaquer.

There are blues that make you happy, there are blues that make you blue. Bluebeard, blue blood, bluestocking, Alice blue; and what's wrong with the sentence: "The bride wore blue"? Yet John Crowe Ransom was right about the girls; of course they could not have been anything else.

Twirling your blue skirts,
travelling the sward
Under the towers of your
seminary,
Go listen to your teachers old
and contrary
Without believing a word.

Tie the white fillets then about
your hair
And think no more of what will
come to pass
Than bluebirds that go walking
on the grass
And chattering on the air.

Practise your beauty, blue girls,
before it fail. . . .

Blue is Greece and the gauze bandage box and my grandmother's beautiful eyes, and parts of the behinds of certain baboons.

You see, I have to feel my way into this. True blue stands off, only baby blue cuddles; and surely a woman who wears much true blue is more anxious to be looked at than to be embraced. Pale blue used to become girls in the metamorphosis from little to young, younger than Ransom meant, and old ladies gracious in their age. Not anymore. The little girls leap one morning into the grow-up machine and are never seen again, and old age pops from the beauty ranch to the babble of the nursing home where no colour is at all. It is a long time since anyone has seen the old age of lovely women dressed in sky, saying possibly, "I am not ready yet but I begin to understand. Thank you, distance."

There is a blue of menace and storm, such as no stormiest green could ever be, but I doubt if my grandmother gave much thought to that. Come to think of it, my other grandmother, very large, with an ear trumpet and far more masculine intellect, had eyes of almost equal blue, but that is another story. My maternal grandmother, the starry blue one, was never allowed to hold the purse strings. Both her husband and her only child tended to treat her with impatience, as being a trifle defective yet with some unfathomable resource that rather frightened them. Once a year or so, that is whenever she chose and it was that rarely, she might bring them meekly to heel with her blue glance.

The thing is, there was no blue in or possible to either one of them, and none in the apartment, and I realize now what loneliness there must have been in her situation. The nearest the family circle ever came to the risqué was in jokes about the hazel to olive hue of father and daughter. Anyway the accoutrements of the home, basically unchanged for some fifty years, were off their palette, not hers, whether because my grandmother's great love of those close to her required even that form of self-negation, or because blue in textiles fades and the elegance that was there had been sifted in every detail as to practicality, that is long-range economy. But as a matter of fact, I don't remember that anyone did living rooms in blue in those days, and it was a bit theatrical even in a bedroom.

If that is stretching the case, though I doubt that it is, it only indicates the lifelong power of

(Continued on page 134)

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of Givenchy Cosmetics
is available at America's
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Detroit, Mich. .....Himelhoch's
Hartford, Conn.....G. Fox & Co.
Hempstead, L.I. .....Abraham & Straus
LasVegas, Nev.....D. I. Distinctive Apparel
Los Angeles, Calif.....I. Magnin & Co.
Madison, Wisc.....The Perfume Shops
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Memphis, Tenn.
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Muncie, Ind.....Ball Stores
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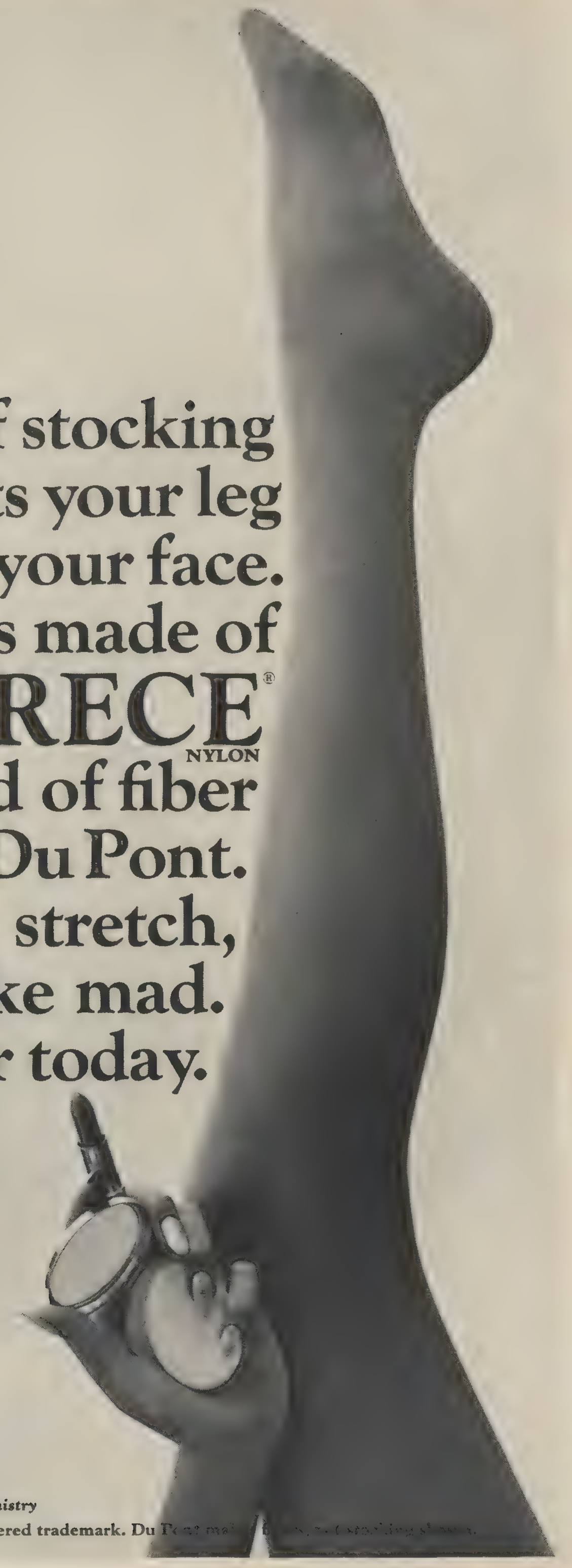
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"Portrait in Blue"

(Continued from page 122)

colour imagery acquired, not from my own country home where my mother's tints and antipathies gave no alternative, but from the New York apartments of my two blue-eyed grandmothers. There surely, if it had been socially, intimately, and economically proper, the scheme would have been set by a Chinese dragon of azure on the floor and some sort of imitation of lapis lazuli in a dominant vase or fringed lamp.

But no—in both establishments we played hopscotch on Persian greens, browns, and decorous reds, under the gaze of a pint-sized marble Venus de Milo, and it must have been very seldom indeed, if ever, that anyone thought to bring a bouquet of cornflowers to please either grandmother on her birthday. Yet the favourite beads of both were blue, and with all their great differences of mind and character, the powers were there for either one to have imposed more personal forms of courtliness if she had cared to, instead of merely presiding over a general decency of mahogany, silver and crystal on occasion, and a massive drab pointillism of bookbindings.

I knew a lady of their age and station and with an even more imposing library, a lady of sapphire, who did wield such power, and a grand show it was. Her eyes could put all other things in such a position of inferiority, an acre of fine lawn in the sunshine was quite neutral beside her. She died unmarried in her late eighties, scoring up broken-hearted suitors more or less to the end. But my grandmothers, luckily I suppose, were married. In fact they were both, in their different ways, enormously and altogether married, as though every corresponding part of body and soul had had its separate rôle in the marriage ceremony, the kidney of wife to the kidney of husband, liver of wife to liver of husband, and so on through bones, memories, and bank deposits, so obviously there could be no question of their striking out blue from stones all through life as that other one did. It had to be, and it suited them that it should be, a far more quiet performance.

On the maternal side, a second Venus presided, that one in the little entrance hall, for it was of their breeding to honour beauty and even truly love it, just so it was not looked on bare. This was a photograph of the Venus Anadyomene of the so-called Ludovisi Throne, in a big black-framed triptych brought back long ago from Rome and oddly situated above a large dark oak chest carved with gnomes and goblins of heaven knows what provenance, probably German. What you had just closed the door on at that point was a typical West End Avenue apartment hall floored in tiny white tiles, not yet dilapidated, and a vintage grillework elevator, the latest thing when my grandparents had moved in there, which gave the name of Otis a standing to my mind very like that of Pandora and Hercules.

The other name of such legendary weight and promise in the place was Webster. The enormous leather-bound dictionary constituted, with its stand, a separate and awesome piece of furniture. It stood in the small corner of the living room sacred to my grandfather, really not so much a corner as a sombrely mystic area containing, aside from Webster, only the deep "reading chair" upholstered in heavy-duty olive drab, and a little mahogany stand that held his weekly pile of books from the New York Public Library and the ashtray for his one evening cigar. This was the area representing the male principle, in a household otherwise all of females; my grandmother saw to it that the dictionary, like everything else, was kept thoroughly dusted, but it would not have occurred to her to refer to it with any other intent.

It came into its true majesty of life in the evening, casting over a more and more lonely pursuit of intellectual precision its faint smell of aging leather and tinge of ochre. There was never an evening when it was not used; it burst through the room's proprieties, opening up the long vista of human meanings, as

(Continued on page 138)



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"Portrait in Blue"

(Continued from page 134)

against the strange constriction of life that had not been native to either grandparent in their young California days but had set in somehow in their permanent exile in New York. And when Webster was opened, that was the end of blue for the evening; my grandmother's little hour was over.

For she did have her hour, and my grandfather was far from insensitive to it. He had been a rather good poet as a young man, before law practice overrode that side, and her eyes had figured in much of his best verse. Every night at dinner time her hair, snow white since her thirties, was perfectly arranged high on her head as though she had been setting out for some glamorous social event, and she dressed, not in evening clothes but in something becoming and pleasant, not necessarily a blue dress but with her blue beads, or else the crystal beads and a touch of blue at waist or cuffs.

He addressed her then as Lady, and really meant it, though he would shortly be exasperated half to death by her petty interruptions when he was trying to read. "Lady Phelps, shall we dine?"—and with an air of deeply natural ceremony he would pull the cords of the double damask hangings, old rose red on one side, green on the other, opening on to the pork chops and baked potatoes. Unless it was a birthday or holiday, when of course there would be a roast and wine and various goodies, for nobody but us. It seemed there had been a time, which we heard of in vague little references, when there had been such a thing as company for dinner, and exchanges of visits, but that had all stopped by the time I was five or six; I never knew why.

Some conflict too deep for words must have been the cause, and perhaps the colour discrepancy so plain to see told it as well as it could ever be told. Even in the dining room, so much her place, it was not dragon blue that ruled but Canton green, representing the Chinese syndrome of early San Francisco, the place their hearts had never left. Canton and copper, of every shape and purpose, and most delightful to children, a set of green salad plates in the form of lettuce leaves.

There had been travels, however, at least for mother and daughter, sometimes joined for a short time by my grandfather. We had the brown curling photographs: the summer in Dinard, the winter in Rome, at one of the best hotels on the Via Veneto, which seemed puzzling considering the penny scrutiny, just short of pinching, that went on at home; and long visits back to San Francisco. Pompeii and the Unter den Linden came as easily into the conversation as Macy's and Gimbels, to which my grandmother rode the Westside subway every few days looking for bargains in eggbeaters or presents for her grandchildren, for she had a genius in the finding of little gifts exactly right for a particular person and in later persuading my grandfather that the purchase had been necessary. Much later it became a misery to us to realize how little she ever bought for herself.

And perhaps it is because of that pain, rather than from an effect of the snapshots of her in cloister or Roman Forum, in skirt to the ground, bustle, and hat like an osprey's nest, with the serene and queenly stance that she couldn't always maintain under the stresses of home and subway, but that seems to have come naturally to her in Europe, as her quite innocent way of representing American dignity abroad, that I tend to make her a present of the Mediterranean.

Not all of it; she doesn't need that. Only the part where I have best known the blueness of blue. It is a matter of a structure whose parts are motion, like music, very different from a single image or thrust as from the unmarried, unmarriageable lady of the trophies mentioned earlier. A progression is involved from bright rippled sand to perpendicular cliffs going down to a great depth, a hundred or perhaps almost two hundred feet under water, and al-

(Continued on page 146)



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Line on Lingerie

Pretty young shapes

Lingerie gets prettier and prettier—and harder and harder to resist. In particular, we have in mind two tiny brassières and pantie-girdles that match each other for charm, match the young shapes of the year of the body. One brassière, of sheer white point d'esprit edged in lace, curves in a soft oval at the top. It's as light as nothing at all, shapes to a gently rounded perfection. To wear with it, a white pantie-girdle with lace-edged legs cut high, a natural curve to the back, garters long enough to reach a stocking without pulling. Both of these, by Vanity Fair. Brassière of nylon, $4. Pantie-girdle in power mist of Lycra, $8. Both at Bonwit Teller; J. W. Robinson. The other little charmer is a brassière of sheerest skin-beige power net. A bit stretchy everywhere, it has just enough control, is shaped by a single dart on each cup. A cluster of pink flowers is embroidered at the centre beneath a scalloped lace border. The pantie-girdle is of the same colour with the same little flowers embroidered high on the sheer front panel. Cut high on the legs and edged with a minute marquisette ruffle, the back shaped to a natural curve. Both of these by Bien Jolie, in power net of Lycra. The brassière costs $6; the pantie-girdle is $9, and they're both at Bloomingdale's.

Two ways with black

One black brassière is not enough, you need a wardrobe of them, each with its own special bailiwick. We've found two to handle almost any time of day or evening. Black lace covers the flesh-coloured cups of a brassière with light *flat* underwiring—and a wonderfully comfortable control. It dips quite low in front, stretches everywhere from the sides of the cups to the back. By Lady Marlene of nylon lace and Lycra, you can buy it for $6 at Bloomingdale's and Frost Bros. Light control moves further down in a black long-line brassière with princesse lines. Not one seam crosses the rib cage . . . everything is up and down for a look as smooth and supple as you'd like to be. The back takes a plunge almost to the waist, disappears under just about any low-backed dress you own. Scandale by Tru Balance, of stabilized sheer nylon tricot; $7 buys it at Lord & Taylor.

The sleek smoothers

There are, of course, exceptions to the rule that lingerie should be as gentle as a feather. There are times—and places—when what's needed is smoothing with a firmer hand. To wear under hip pants, for instance, what you might need is a white long-legged pantie-girdle that begins a precise one-and-a-half inches below the waist. Inner panels smooth the stomach and the sides of the legs, but the back is softly rounded. By Venus, in power net of Lycra, it costs $8 at Best & Co.; Bullock's, San Fernando. When even more control is wanted—particularly across the stomach—you might want a long-legged white pantie-girdle with a non-stretching nude front panel inset with scallops of white lace. The back is cut entirely on the bias, has four darts making a natural curve, a little triangular panel smoothing in the centre. Scandale by Tru Balance, in power net of Lycra; $15 buys it at Altman's; Julius Garfinckel.

The long strong line

No matter how firm the control, the line must be smooth, the shape look exactly as though it were yours to begin with. Which is the promise of a pretty, pale-as-skin all-in-one with hand-clipped lace covering the cups, more lace covering a marquisette panel that smooths in front. There is reinforcement wherever you need it—down the sides, in back—and every seam lies smooth and flat. A side zipper for this. By Smoothie, of Lycra; $40 at Altman's; Miller & Rhoads.

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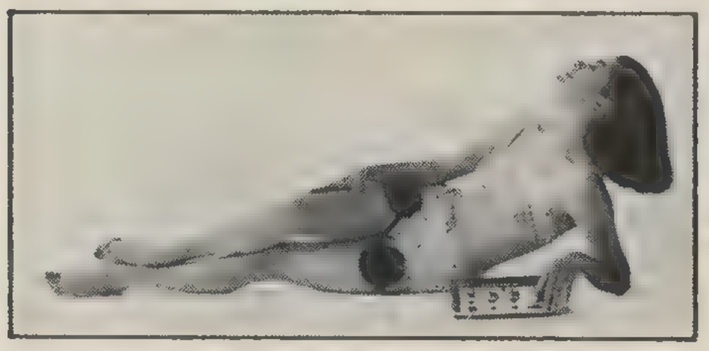
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"Portrait in Blue"

(Continued from page 138)

though from a small boat some sense of it is possible, only swimming all the way, almost to black, takes it really beyond the optical. In the beginning, close to the beach, you move through a version of my grandmother's salad plates, made liquid and transparent as china lettuce leaves might be in heaven. Then stroke by stroke the yellow goes, and the pattern of sand ridges moves down and down and is lost, and if you dare as Euclid did to face such realms of fact, you move into what seems total blue but is not, for there is a sphere more blue beyond, and then another. I confess I have never gone all the way, and used to pretend it was out of fear of octopuses and morays, which do inhabit those parts. At any rate I have gone far enough to know, I think, or to guess, what the monochrome Venus in that dim little entrance hall was rising from, and sometimes it seems to me that my grandmother, coming in fumbling with her door key and aglow over her precious parcels, must have seen it that way too, and all the Persian and other colours of the apartment were actually of no consequence whatever.

She never moved in with us in the country but she came to stay often, and the summer of her death there, four years after my grandfather's, people flocked from all over to visit with her, she was so lovely then in her eighties. She had a summer afternoon dress she would wear when guests were coming, of white dotted swiss with the dots blue and a wide sky-blue sash, which somehow on her, with her fine white heap of hair and her bright ripples of laughter, was not at all young-girlish in the wrong ways. It was merely another dignity, in which she seemed to say that there was not much left that she could do for people, but at least she would have the grace to look as attractive for them as she could. The garden was all in bloom, and so was her mind; she was all brightness and clarity that summer, as though the flowers had just then taken her into their society, and that was because it had all become as meaningless to her as to them, the flowers. Society had ceased for her when for the last time she washed the hair grease from the antimacassar of the great olive reading chair.

And I will cry with my loud lips
  and publish
Beauty which all our power shall
  never establish,
It is so frail.

For I could tell you a story
  which is true;
I know a lady with a terrible
  tongue,
Blear eyes fallen from blue,
All her perfections tarnished—
  yet it is not long
Since she was lovelier than any
  of you.*

O but it was not so that time, it was not! Perhaps there had been something blear and tarnished long ago in the confusions of girlhood; perhaps at some moment at Mills College, or Female Seminary as it must have been then, she had had a selfish thought, though a terrible tongue even then I doubt. But she was a very old lady, and had earned the privilege a hundred times over, before she walked like a bluebird on the grass, toward her grave.

But this is true. The apartment building has not been torn down, nor has anything else in the block. Although my grandfather would never think of moving, that part of West End Avenue, once so fine, was on the skids well before his death and in recent years, I am told, has been mostly whorehouses and other shady kinds of SRO (Single Room Occupancy). I would never go to look at it on purpose but have driven by a few times by accident, and have seen the cheesy modern front they have stuck on over the old doorway and women going in with dirty pink fox stoles and purple hair. I just can't take in my grandmother's bedroom being used that way, and I suppose the dining room is another bedroom, to make it SRO. There must be a self-service elevator by now, and probably the little white tiles

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have been replaced by some composition stuff; perhaps the parquet floors inside went too, with the chopping up. Still it's the same building and the eighth floor, our floor, is still the top one. And sometimes in an absolute of wretchedness I dream that I am taking the elevator, the old Otis but with something wrong about it, up to that floor, and I walk in doom and despair to my grandparents' door where so much love used to be always waiting for us, knowing that my grandmother is in there alone wearing a long-sleeved white cotton nightgown and with her hair dishevelled, never speaking to anyone anymore. and that she will not speak to me either. I will wander through the rooms, catching glimpses of her disappearing through other doors, and it will never be clear what all of us did wrong, to be made to suffer so.

Therefore I amend the dream, and just as in the Mediterranean I pretended to be turned back by the dread of octopuses, here I invent beauty, pretending to open the door on to no apartment at all but instead the last depersonalized depth of Mediterranean blue. It has absorbed even the Venus in the hall from which it first emanated, and the beautiful draped musicians in the side panels of the triptych, and all that is to be heard over West End Avenue is the faint echoing harmony of their instruments.

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By Virginia Cowles

The beautiful and quite ageless Lady Diana Cooper has found a way to deal with her parking problems. She simply writes letters to the traffic wardens and pins them on the windshield. "Dear Warden, Have gone to dentist. Please forgive. P.S. Old and lame." Once she returned to find "forgiven" scribbled at the bottom. "I always tell the truth," she explained to me. " 'Have taken cross child to cinema' or whatever crisis I am facing, and of course always 'old and lame.' " "I haven't noticed your limp," I said, but she assured me she had one. I wondered how the traffic warden would react if suddenly confronted by this goddess. Almost certainly, I decided, he would bow very low and open the door.

* * *

Lady Diana lives in "Little Venice." This surprising oasis in the middle of the crowded and unlovely borough of Paddington is strung along a small canal that seems to come from nowhere and, so they say, persists all the way to Birmingham. Facing the green banks of the canal are several rows of pretty white Georgian houses built in the eighteen-thirties. Legend has it that Lord Byron was strolling in the London meadows with his publisher, John Murray, when he stumbled upon this attractive enclave and named it Little Venice.

The householders of the day did not enjoy their serenity for long as the railway soon burst upon them. Huge camps were set up in the neighbourhood for the hundreds of labourers employed in building Paddington Station, and their noisy habits apparently frightened the gentry into moving out *en bloc*. For nearly a hundred years Little Venice sank into a coma of dirty streets and peeling paint. Just before the war, however, discerning people began to move back. Christopher Fry has a house there, and so does Patrick Kinross and the composer Lennox Berkeley.

Lady Diana bought her house in 1960. Flowers grow in the paved courtyard near the front door, while at the back her dining room looks on to a walled garden with a velvet lawn. Despite the view, she perversely insists on eating in the drawing room. The recess in which her round table stands is hung with grey and white panels, painted for the library of the Paris Embassy when her husband, Duff Cooper, who became first Viscount Norwich, was Ambassador. The panels are a fantasy, depicting highlights of their life together: *The Miracle*, the famous Max Reinhardt production which starred Lady Diana as the Madonna; Duff Cooper at work at the War Office and Admiralty; the British Embassy; and the house at Chantilly where they lived after his retirement.

The people who live in Little Venice belong to a rare and delightful category: well-to-do intellectuals. Insulated from the frantic pressures of life, they write and paint and compose. They know and like each other, borrow butter and milk, invite each other to dinner at the last moment, and drop in at odd hours of the day.

In response to a telephone call from Lady Diana, Lord Kinross, whose biography of the Turkish leader Ataturk was published a few months ago in America, joined us in the bedroom at 10 A.M. He cheerfully brushed aside my expressions of sympathy for the fire that had destroyed several rooms in his house a week before and said he was "managing." He is deep in another book—the story of Lord Elgin and his Marbles.

* * *

As I was leaving Little Venice, I caught sight of two signs by the edge of the canal pointing to two barges. One read "Canaletto Gallery," the other "Jason's Tours." A lady in the enclosure told me that both boats were owned by the same man. She made a telephone call and a few minutes later I found myself in one of the barges—the home of Mr. John James, his wife, and three-months-old baby.

Mr. James is a tall, open-faced, friendly man of forty-one. By profession a book illustrator and a painter, he told me that he had bought his first barge fifteen years ago as a commercial venture, taking people on canal tours from Regent's Park to Camden Town. He found he could earn enough money throughout the spring and summer to paint six months a year. As soon as the season ended, he used his barge as a studio.

Since that time his business has grown. He has three barges. The one we sat in is his home, entirely converted by himself. It is warm and cosy with telephones and electricity and a model kitchen. The second is his sight-seeing barge; and the third is an exhibition hall where he displays the paintings of fellow artists.

Before I left, I visited the Gallery. It was filled with strange, rather wonderful paintings, done in deep reds and mauves, again and again showing a lonely sinking sun. The name of the painter is Charles Fowler. "They are rather disturbing pictures," I said to the woman at the desk. "Beautiful . . . but they give you a feeling of anguish." "Yes," she said. "The artist lost both his arms in a railway accident when he was seventeen."





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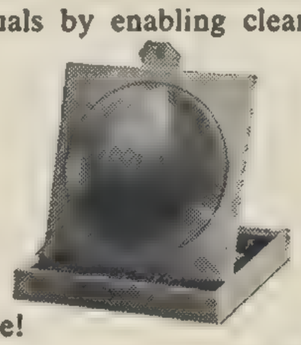
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

September 1

New pointers on the keeping of well-being

We can not help but be warmed by these thoughts recently culled from the medical journals. They give us positive reasons for being positive, and we need every little bit of help along those lines that we can get. 1) The ability of aging persons to retain their mental faculties may be related to their socioeconomic status. "Those who suffer a decline in memory tend to have little financial means . . . while persons who retain their mental abilities are usually economically well off," said a man from Duke University Medical Center. . . . 2) "The shaky hand and tottering gait are the results of lack of condition and exercise, not the passage of time," came from the headquarters of a Michigan doctor who holds that a forgetful mind issues from lazy habits of study and lack of motivation. . . . And 3) The psychologists have been producing evidence that suggests that sadness and hopelessness may influence one's susceptibility to cancer—the wrong way, of course. . . . So we conclude—wouldn't you?—that staying on the safe side is easy: just ever be cheerful, hopeful, well-exercised, studious. And get rich—quick.

Happenings to mannequins

Talking to the Norell mannequins who appear on pages 230-233 about what different tack they were taking with their looks this season, we learned not only what we already suspected: That they were wearing their hair and their skirts shorter than ever. That they are reinforcing their busy little constitutions with vitamins (the girls take One-A-Day multiple vitamins whenever they have time to think of it). That Norman Norell had switched them from last year's violet eye shadow to this year's sultry, sooty effect, changed their lipstick from slightly red to ruby red and directed that their nail enamel be revised in the same manner. Instructed them to rouge their ear lobes and to slap a bright pink blusher powder on their knees. Highlight the underbrow and cheekbone with a bit of "Vaseline" petroleum jelly. . . . We learned in addition that what went underneath all this went there for an interesting reason. Ar-Ex tinted foundation lotion turned out to be the underpinnings of every Norell girl's makeup (and one said that she couldn't offhand think of a mannequin whose tote bag wasn't stocked with it). Now, we have long known Ar-Ex cosmetics for combining the production of beauty with hypoallergenic, non-irritating qualities; long been interested in the foundation's camouflage of small skin misdemeanours. But what strikes the models is not only Ar-Ex's thoughtfulness about sensitive skins, but the amenability of the foundation to reapplication. When a mannequin needs a fresh face in a hurry, she may just pat more of the Ar-Ex liquid over the old makeup and proceed from there—nobody, presumably, the wiser.

The two-handbag life

Carryall, tote bag, carrying case: by any name, the bag that catches the handbag's overflow is now an institution and women everywhere seem to go about their days, two handbags in hand. Maybe the catch-all got its big push in life when Chanel's small quilted chain-handled handbag became the first great runner in smaller bags. . . . What goes into the extra-big extra bag? Apart from the mail you hadn't time to open, the magazine you picked up at the newsstand, the shoes en route to the cobbler's, this: a hairpiece. The little hairpieces, strands, braids. A brush too big for a handbag but too great for smoothing the hair to be ignored. Possibly a whole fresh makeup—from freshener to extra eyelashes. . . . We asked Celebrity, Inc., top men on the tote-'em pole, what was stirring in the catch-all world. "Umbrellas firmly attached on top, or alongside," they told us, showing us one—an attractively small, scalloped nylon charmer, ensconced overhead on the catch-case which they feel will be among the more alluring catchers of autumn: a zippered rectangular bag fitted with cosmetic-carters and softly covered in a leather-look-alike. "And closed catch-alls," they went on to mention, ". . . neater, safer." What's out, besides the open catch-bag? The model's hat-box type arrangement. At least it's out of Celebrity's current collection. Celebrities, apparently, don't love it any more.



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DAVENPORT, IOWA

Fizz, bubbly, pop

By Evelyn Waugh

Some years ago I had the happy experience of joining a miscellaneous company of English politicians, peers, novelists, and journalists on a tour of Champagne. We had been invited to Rheims by the vintners for the blessing of a stained-glass window they had presented to the cathedral. The ceremony was stripped of most of its dignity by the irreverence of the French press photographers but the days of hospitality were memorable. We perambulated the huge archaic cellars of Pommery and the formal gardens of Moët; the elaborate processes of the vendage and vintage were demonstrated.

We were entertained in the houses and offices of many local magnates whose names had hitherto been abstractions on the labels of their wines. They are an outstandingly handsome set, the champagne barons and baronesses, mostly the descendants of the nobility of other provinces who, a hundred years ago, migrated to this bleak region and married the heiresses of the original simple farmers of the land and then, not content, as most fortune hunters would be, to live at ease, took charge of their wives' dowries, learned the business, and enormously increased its value.

Everywhere we were regaled with bottles, some of dignified age, some in turbulent youth. We had a thundering good time. It must therefore seem ungrateful to say that it was several weeks before I again drank champagne. An illusion of adolescence had been dissipated. Until that lavish beano, I had held that champagne was the ideal beverage for any hour of the day and night and for every physical condition. Now I am obliged to admit that the French know better and that it is a wine for (frequent) occasional use.

Champagne is in a sense the most modern of wines. It claims a monastic origin but, in fact, it was little known outside its own district until the Russian invasion at the fall of Napoleon. The history of the Widow Clicquot, which has been charmingly written by Princesse Jean de Caraman-Chimay, wife of one of the present senior partners of the firm, is typical of the great champagne houses.

Mme. Clicquot, née Ponsardin, was a bourgeoise of Rheims. Born twelve years before the Revolution, widowed before Austerlitz, she inherited a property in which viticulture was a growing concern. Her father was a Jacobin; she the ancestress of three dukes. Throughout her long widowhood she devoted herself to perfecting the processes of manufacture and to selling her wine abroad. Her rivals were also prospering.

Early in the nineteenth century champagne became the symbol of prosperity and gaiety and so it has remained in the darker and duller succeeding century.

It is a manufactured wine owing less to nature and more to human skill than any wine in France. It is inimitable. Gruesome attempts have been made to produce an equivalent. It is almost indestructible and will stand changes of temperature and physical agitations that would ruin a Bordeaux or a Burgundy; still more a port. Champagnes of the same brand and year are identical in Épernay, Hollywood, and Tokyo. In the early years of the export trade horrible things appeared in the bottles—*yeux de crapaud* and *couleuvres*—and the correspondence of the rival agents is full of anxiety about the condition of delayed cargoes. Patient scientific investigation has cured all that.

Today one can be completely confident of finding every bottle clean to the last drop. I do not remember ever finding a bad cork. In extreme age the wine loses its fizz, and sometimes darkens in colour and takes on a flavour of Madeira. There are those who relish it in this condition. During the war it was discovered that one of the London railway hotels still had a bin of flat, brown, sixty-year-old champagne, still priced as it had been in its youth. There in the mornings through the ravages of the bombs a little group of coeval gourmets used to meet and sip in great content.

By its nature champagne can be produced only on a large scale. The hereditary skills of the various workers have to be fertilized by great capital investment. In the course of the last one hundred and fifty years, Rheims, once the sacring place of the kings of France, has become the centre of one of its most important export industries. A handful of families owns and manages the entire business. Each has its own trade secrets and each produces a wine of its own character. When you find a genuine champagne bearing a label that is not well-known, you can (I think) be sure that it is the product of one of the great houses which it is reluctant to sell under its own name; sometimes, but not always, an inferior wine, sometimes merely a surplus part of the regular production.

Many London wine merchants have wine bottled for them in Rheims or Épernay which they sell under names of their own at lower prices than the famous brands. These they recommend for use at balls and weddings, but they are worth the experiments of serious drinkers who may sometimes be surprised by finding a vintage of high quality under an unfamiliar title.

The champagne vintners like those of the Douro can blend their wines to satisfy the tastes of their customers. In the years before 1917 the Russians were the most important, and they liked it sweet. Sugar was added before fermentation. In many parts of Europe a wine only slightly less sweet than the Rus-

(Continued on page 164)



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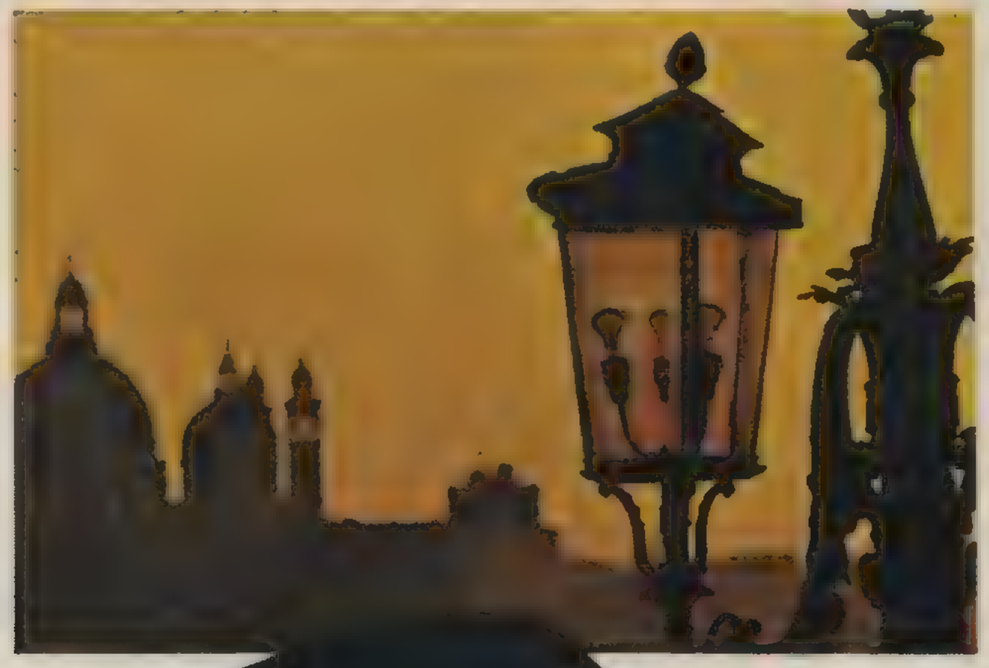
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italy

is cities of majestic castles, of grand opera...and always, everywhere, of friendly people. Italy is the Eternal City, the deep velvet blue of sky through the arches of the Colosseum at night, the greens and pastels of the Villa Borghese Gardens, the little man who sells *gelati* from a wildly painted cart just around the corner. It is this...the cities...that make Italy more exciting, more incredibly different the more it unfolds for you. There are Italians who dwell on canals, making their way by romantic gondola or racy motorboat. Some, who live southward in the slow warmth of the sun, the moody shadow of Greek temples, myth, and fact. Others, in Sicily where cultures are so spicily mixed that an Arabian mosque and its ancient Oriental garden are everyday. And there is the north where the sound and rhythm of modern industrialism is tempered by the soaring music of opera and the spiring of a beautiful cathedral. You can't find a sameness from city to city. Go to one for silks, leathers, treasure-laden museums. To another for Renaissance art, old-family wines. But go. Go for the difference. For the luster of history gone by and right now, for the brilliance of the sun, and always the sunny warmth of the people.

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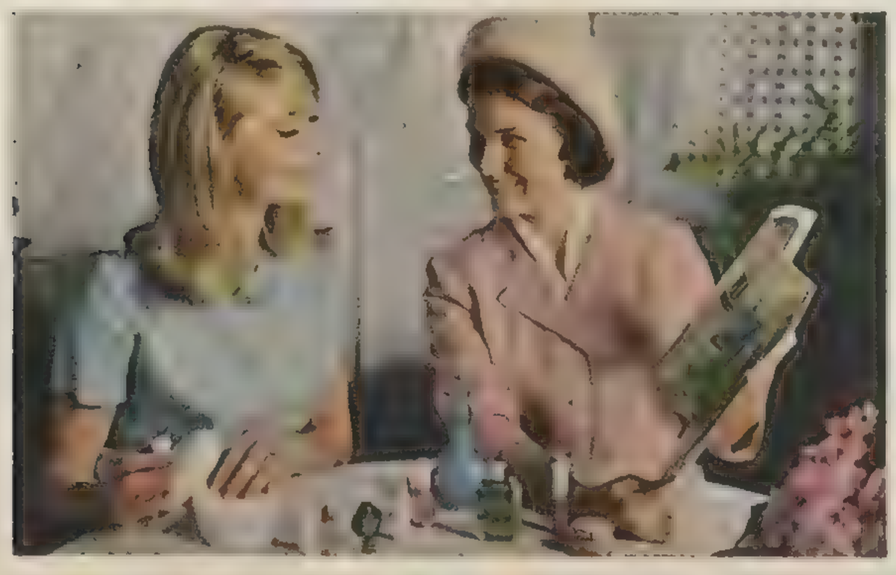


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Vogue's 25th Prix de Paris competition was announced in the August 1 issue. The First Quiz and Rules are repeated here.

FIRST QUIZ

Answer TWO of the three questions in this section:

1. Name specific fashion trends which began with girls your age, in or out of college. In general, do you believe that girls of sixteen to twenty start or follow fashion trends? Explain. *(400 words or less)*

2. Imagine that you are a fashion copywriter for the editorial pages of Vogue. Suggest several alternate words or phrases for each of the following: "Bargains in Chic," "The Young Chicerino," "Accessories," "Shop Hound," and "Fashions in Living."

3. Select five advertisements from the August 1 issue of Vogue (if you don't have a copy, check your library) and tell why, in your opinion, each of the advertisers chose to appear in Vogue. *(300 words or less)*

Answer BOTH questions in this section:

1. Write a beauty biography of yourself or someone you know well. Include full details about looks, diet, exercise (and this may mean tennis or swimming rather than more formal exercise routines), makeup, hair, fragrance, et cetera, naming—if you think it relevant—specific products. *(500 words or less)*

2. Decide on a person whom you consider a good possibility for a photograph in Vogue's "People Are Talking About . . ." feature. Write accompanying text for the photograph. *(300 words or less)*

Answers to this quiz are due November 1, 1965 and should be mailed to:

Prix de Paris Director
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VOGUE PRIX DE PARIS RULES

1. Each entrant must be graduated during the scholastic year 1965-1966 and must receive the B.A. degree or its equivalent from a college or university within the United States.

2. Each entrant must send in the entrance blank on this page, or reasonable facsimile thereof, by October 22, 1965.

3. No entrant may be in any way connected with The Condé Nast Publications Inc., nor related to any of its employees.

4. There will be a first- and second-place winner. The first-place winner will receive a year's job with Vogue as a Junior Editor and will accompany the Vogue Editors to Paris to cover one of the Paris Collections during this year. The second-place winner will receive a six months' job with Vogue as a Junior Editor. There will be ten Honourable Mention winners, each of whom will receive a $50 United States Savings Bond and top consideration for jobs on any Condé Nast magazine.

5. The 25th Prix de Paris competition consists of two quizzes to be answered by all contestants, and a 1,500-word thesis which those who pass the two quizzes will be eligible to submit. Each entrant who is eligible to submit a thesis will be notified by Vogue by January 24, 1966.

6. Each quiz will require answers to four questions, some based on fashion and beauty, others based on non-fashion subjects (books, movies, art, theatre, music, personalities, et cetera).

7. The First Quiz appears at left; answers are due November 1, 1965. The Second Quiz will be published in the November 15, 1965 issue; answers are due January 10, 1966. Subjects for the thesis will be published in the February 1, 1966 issue; thesis will be due March 1, 1966. Although the questions in the quizzes are editorial in nature and are based in part on material appearing in Vogue, it is not necessary to subscribe to the magazine to enter the competition.

8. Papers will be graded on writing ability, grasp of subject matter, general intelligence, originality, and demonstration of special talents.

9. All material submitted must be typewritten double-spaced on one side of the page, on paper not larger than 8½ by 11 inches. Your name and college, plus the quiz and question numbers, must appear at the top of each page. All material submitted becomes the property of The Condé Nast Publications Inc. and will not be returned.

10. The judges of the competition will be a board of Vogue Editors, and their decision will be final. Any dispute that may arise as a result of the determination of the contest shall be adjudicated solely under the laws of the State of New York. Judges reserve the right to hold personal interviews with the finalists before selecting the winners. Winners of Vogue's 25th Prix de Paris will be notified by May 12, 1966.

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Fizz, bubbly, pop

(Continued from page 156)

sian is still preferred, but in this century the words "sweet champagne" have acquired a pejorative sense suggestive of the bordello, while "dry" fatuously suggests sparkling wit. English and Americans are guilty of the modern flight from sweetness which is driving into neglect the finest Sauternes, hock, and even port.

I have seen a ghastly (I hope false) report that the incomparable Château d'Yquem is now making a dry wine for New Yorkers who are proud of the name but can not enjoy its riches. Pink champagne also has a *louche* reputation— ballet shoes and *cabinets particuliers*. Sometimes I believe it is ordinary white wine with some tasteless colouring matter added. Veuve Clicquot Rosé on the other hand is a rare, splendid, and quite distinct wine.

Most of the wines of Champagne are made from a mixture of black and white grapes. There are, however, the delicious *Blancs de Blancs*, the best of which are very slightly sweet and *crémant* instead of *mousseux*. These have the great advantage that they can be tossed down in bumpers without the impediment which the fizz causes in the normal gullet. There are also, of course, the still white wines of the district, *champagne nature*, delicate and refreshing, which I have very rarely met outside France.

But for most of the world champagne means "Fizz," "Bubbly," or "Pop," the international symbol of high living. I began this essay by stating that it should be a matter of frequent occasional use, sometimes as the last of many wines at a formal banquet, but best "discussed"—to use an antiquated term—in privacy. For two intimates, lovers or comrades, to spend a quiet evening with a magnum, drinking no apéritif before, nothing but a glass of cognac after—that is the ideal. At midnight with a light supper, then too it is excellent.

There are those—I am no longer of them—who find a pint sustaining in midmorning, drunk in solitude after one's letters are answered before facing the social trials of the day. The worst time is that dictated by convention, in a crowd, in the early afternoon, at a wedding reception.

Since the austere forties people in England have realized that champagne is relatively inexpensive. It has the great advantage to the host that the hard-drinking young do not much like it. They look for whisky. If they find it, they are irremovable and after an hour or two become boisterous or even truculent. When only champagne is offered them, honour has been satisfied and they soon slink off disappointed.

Champagne parties, I am told, are now taking the place of cocktail parties. No skilled barman is needed. The wine, when spilled, does little damage. Neat devices are on the market with which half-empty bottles can be sealed for future use. But, however convenient and inexpensive these assemblies, they have a disadvantage that should be noted; they smell. Many things that are very good in the mouth, such as Camembert cheese, can be offensive to the nose. Champagne is one of them and, like cheese, should be taken on a full stomach. To enter a house at seven, when it is full of people who have eaten nothing for some hours, who have drunk champagne and are obliged by the noise and press to shout into one another's faces, makes one long for the wholesome, gross reek of rum grog.

But this is not the note on which to end an act of homage to one of the great man-made goods that has not only survived into our day but actually thrived and become refined. Lament the modern age as we will. Declare with justice that we can no longer build or paint; that we have made all but the most remote corners of our countryside uninhabitable and destroyed the charms of travel. But in one thing we have it better than our great-great grandfathers—the copious bounty of the harvest on those chilly battlefields of Champagne and of the invention and industry in the dank chalk caves where miles of bottles lie maturing for our delight.

Attaché case—new attachments forming

Woman's view of the sleekest carrier



TAD WAKAMATSU

Consider the attaché case: it makes a neat flat business of carrying papers, magazines, cosmetics . . . and is perfect for, say, a whole load of picnic silver and cloths. Its locks lie flush . . . the whole thing cleans with a sweep of a damp cloth . . . goes anywhere you want to take it. By Samsonite, of moulded saddle-beige vinyl. $25. Bloomingdale's. Cream wool hip skirt, about $18; brown-and-cream Merino wool shirt, about $15. Frank Smith for Evan-Picone. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Marcel Wagner gloves, Bonwit Teller.

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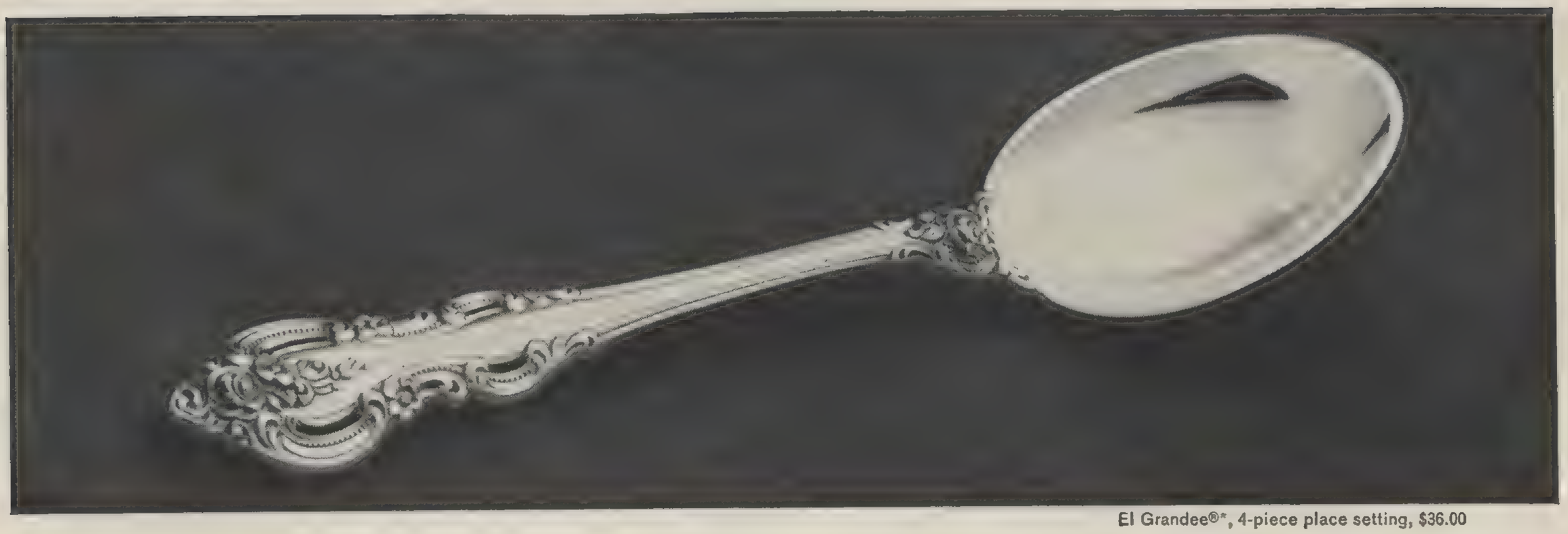
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*Pattern Copyright by Towle

Prices for 4-piece place setting (teaspoon, fork, knife, salad fork). ©Towle 1964

New slant on the belt bag

Hands-off carrying for tidbits



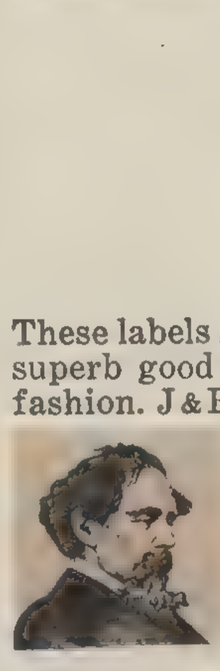
TAD WAKAMATSU

Brown cowhide belt-bag to strap across a shoulder, as here, or to sling around the top of a short hip skirt. We see it holding all sorts of things . . . golf gloves, small change, lists, sunglasses . . . all year round. By Etienne Aigner. The bag, $12; the belt, $8. At Lord & Taylor, New York. Striped T-shirt about $15, herringbone-tweed wool pants about $23. By Frank Smith for Evan-Picone. At Saks Fifth Ave. Golf gloves by Etienne Aigner.



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OLLA BAGS

VOGUE'S

A gilded evening, in Nashville, Tennessee—the Swan Ball

Splendid party, southern style . . . The Swan Ball, at "Cheekwood" to benefit "Cheekwood," a superb Georgian house built in the twenties, now a Fine Arts Center. Guests from all over the country wandered through the house, a treasury of eighteenth-century English craftsmanship. They went up a staircase that came in part from Queen Charlotte's palace in Kew and into the galleries to see eighteenth-century tapestries and paintings. Afterwards the guests dined in the famous boxwood gardens under a great tent gay with golden garlands and turquoise plumes, and then they danced around

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NOTEBOOK

the swan fountain that is "Cheekwood's" emblem. Everything cut to a Georgian pattern—except the show of evening clothes put on by New York's Henri Bendel. These were Op, Mod, the fashions of *now:* "not just chic," said a visitor, "tongue-in-cheek." 1. Mr. and Mrs. William F. Earthman, junior. 2. Mr. and Mrs. Guilford Dudley, junior. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Jordan R. Bentley, junior. 4. Mr. and Mrs. Tupper Saussy. 5. Mr. Philip Williams; Mrs. John H. Schuler. 6. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Weeks Kitchel. 7. In the fashion show, Miss Barbara Beaman. 8. Mrs. Jonathan Harwell.



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VOGUE'S

For the début of Susan Engelhard, a magnetic party in New Jersey

The débutante Susan Mary Engelhard, young beauty with masses of dark hair and the smallest waist ever, in white embroidered organdie, is one of the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Engelhard. At her party, at the family place, "Cragwood," the vast green gardens were vaulted over in blue-and-gold cloth. . . . Vermeer in Far Hills. . . . The receiving line, framed by white trellising swagged in black-eyed Susans. . . . Van Gogh sunflowers on maypoles, on hurricane lamps, on cellophane arches. . . . Many young girls in pale blue or yellow, some young men in Madras pants with dinner coats. In the supper tent, fiddlers in scarlet tunics. There was dancing to Lanin's men on a Delft-paved bandstand centred in what seemed a mileage of space. . . . Pre-party dinners at country places—at Mrs.

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NOTEBOOK

C. Suydam Cutting's, among one hundred young guests, the Foxcroft classmates of Susan whose grandmother, Mrs. Charles Engelhard, senior, entertained two hundred family friends. About ten o'clock, guests began spoking in to the magnetic hub, turned by Valerian Rybar into a Dutch pleasance for one unforgettable night.

1. In the dancing tent, *centre,* Mr. Charles W. Engelhard with one of his daughters, Sophie. 2. Mrs. Charles W. Engelhard and Mr. Bruce McCashin. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Reed (she is the former Annette Engelhard, a sister of the débutante). 4. Miss Susan Frelinghuysen. 5. The débutante, Miss Susan Mary Engelhard. 6. Miss Pamela Braga. 7. Miss Sybil Millar. 8. Miss Pauline Baker.

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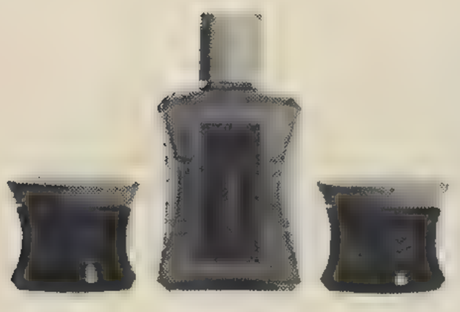
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VOGUE'S

A tremendous party in Brussels, at Baron Léon Lambert's sky house

The guests came from all over Europe to help Baron Léon Lambert celebrate the opening of the famous old Banque Lambert in its magnificent new building, designed by Gordon Bunshaft, partner of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill. The ball was beautiful, gay. Baron Lambert gave it in his palace in the sky, his terraced, enormous apartment on the top of the building. Airy, modern, mostly white-walled, the apartment has wide-angled views of Brussels, with the Royal Palace across the street, and a spectacular collection that includes works by Picasso, Miró, Giacometti, Rouault, and Chagall along with pre-Columbian, African, and Oriental

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NOTEBOOK

treasures. The four hundred guests danced until six-thirty in the morning, ate *waterzoie*. Although most of the women shone with diamonds, Belgium's Princess Paola wore a simple emerald-coloured dress but not a single jewel.

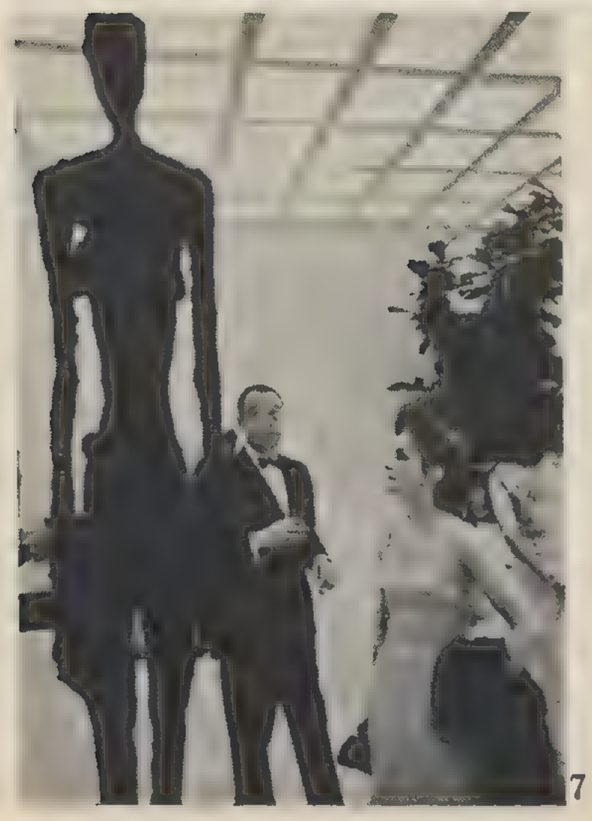
1. The bank's entrance with, in the foreground, an enormous Henry Moore sculpture. 2. Comte de Mohl; Signor Gianni Agnelli; Princess Radziwill. 3. Princess Paola of Liège. 4. Baron Léon Lambert. 5. Mme. Jean Claude Abreu; Signor Umberto Agnelli. 6. Signora Umberto Agnelli; Comte Paul de Ganay. 7. The Giacometti room in Baron Lambert's apartment.



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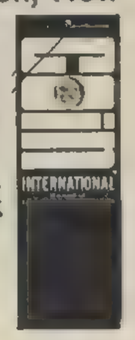


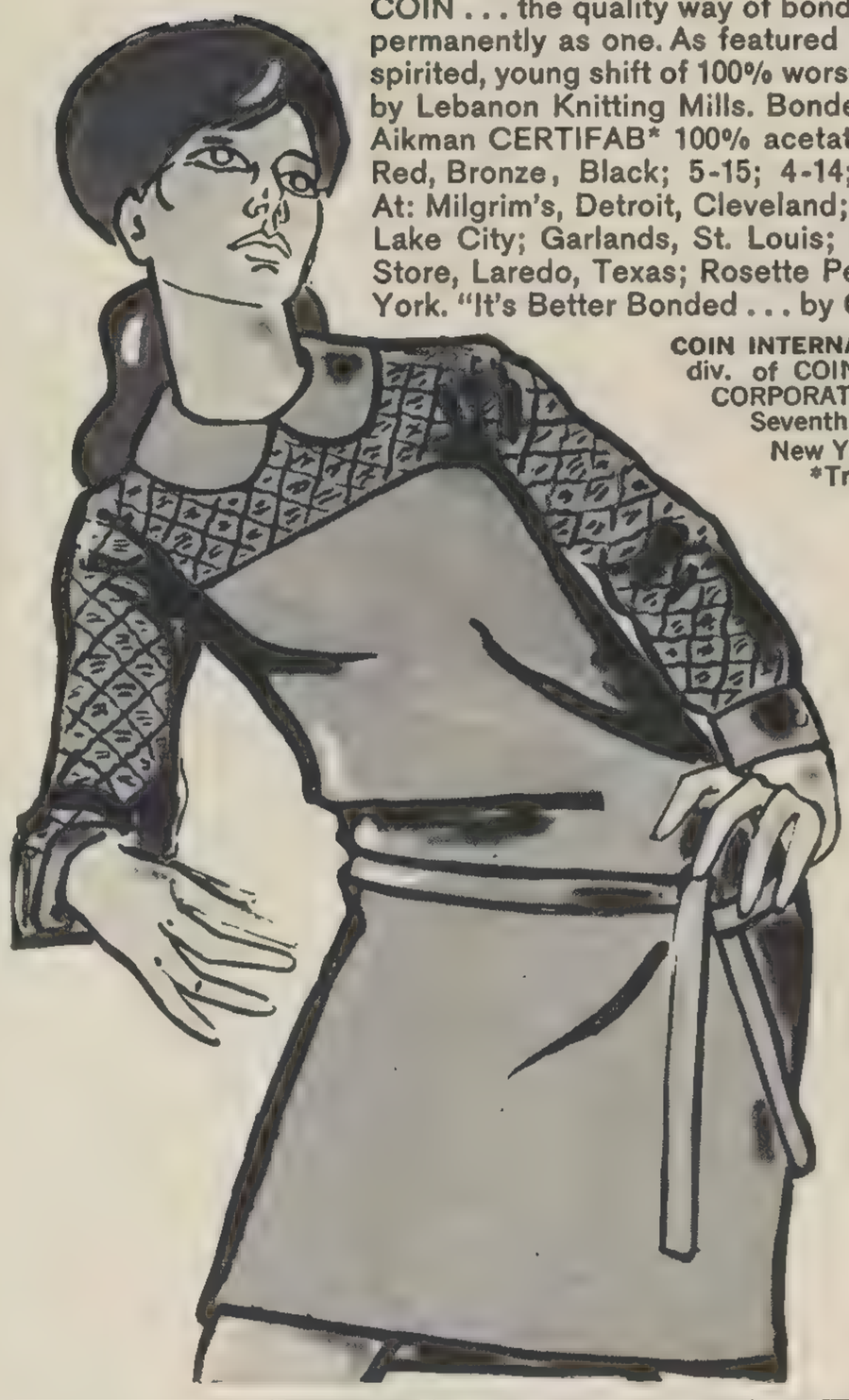
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VOGUE'S

The Guy de Rothschilds' birthday ball at their wizardous Château de Ferrières, near Paris

"There must be a ghost . . . what is the legend?" asked one Roman guest as he came upon Ferrières, wrapped like a castle bewitched in actual drifts of white tulle, giving the feel of a sleeping palace but for its thirty tall windows flamed with branched candelabra. Sixteen hundred guests mingled, spellbound, at this birthday party for David de Rothschild, given by his father and stepmother, Baron and Baronne Guy de Rothschild. In great Napoleon III rooms, bright with gilt and

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NOTEBOOK

ormolu, bursting bouquets stood on buffet tables, with pyramided pink lobsters, mounds of sweets and fruit. Musicians in frogged jackets played for strollers on the terrace—most (Continued on next page)

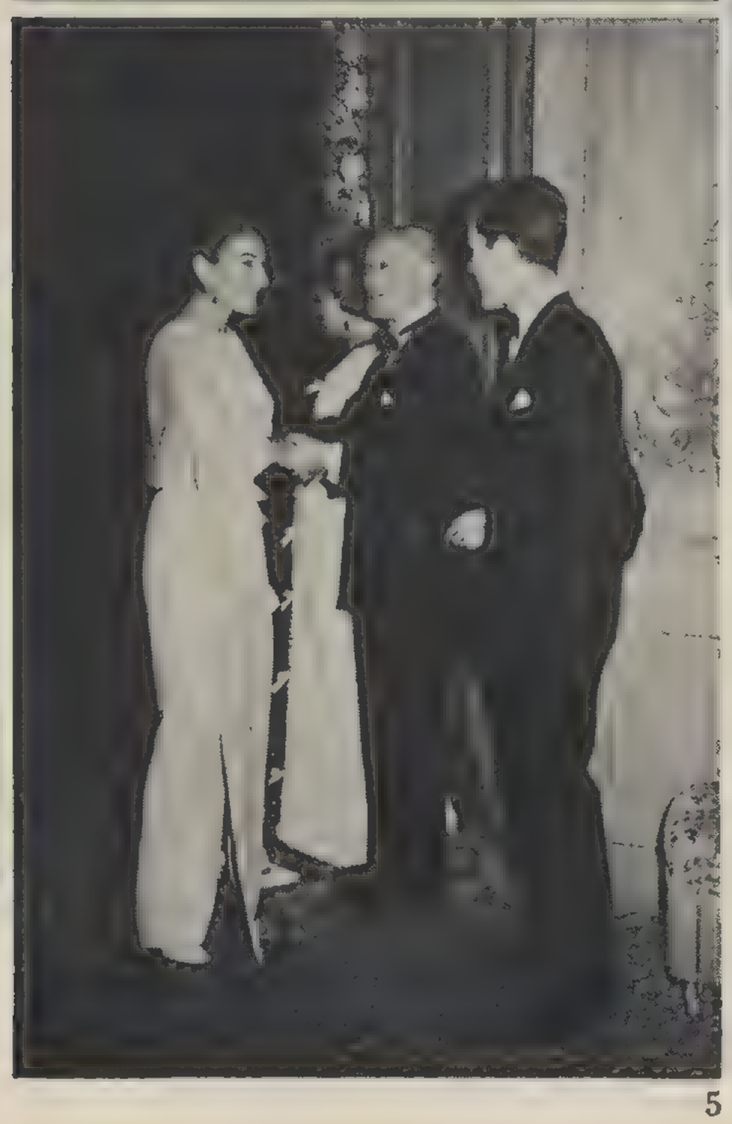
1. One of the flowered buffets. 2. The Château de Ferrières. 3. Baronne Guy de Rothschild. 4. Mme. Jean-Marc Bruère. 5. Mme. Maria Callas; Baron and Baronne Guy de Rothschild; M. David de Rothschild.



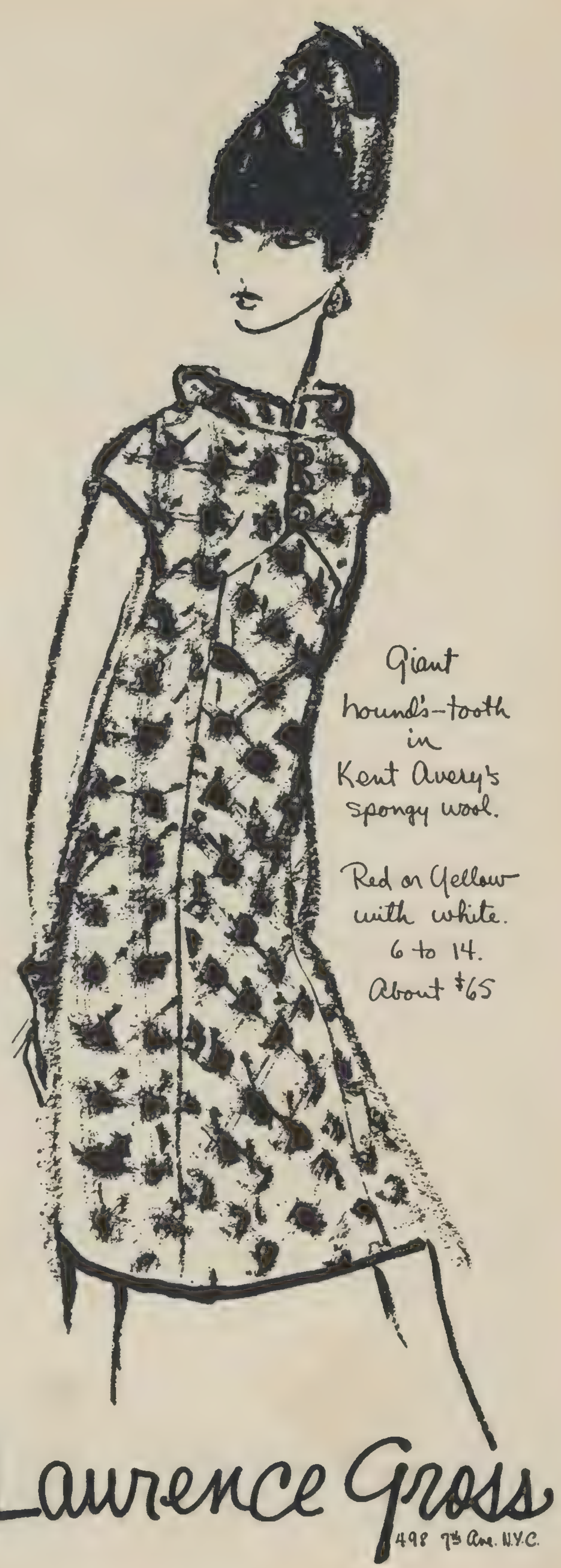
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VOGUE'S

of the women in long pale dresses, blazed in jewels. Gold damask cushions bordered wide garden staircases, their balustrades a tangle of roses, greens, and gossamer. From candlelit tables on a grassy promenade, the scene seemed a Cocteau fantasy. On one side, the misty castle, on the other, a black lake with a ghostly galleon drifting silently to no port of call. All of Ferrières-en-Brie was a festival. While dancers danced in the Second Empire ballroom to The



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NOTEBOOK

Jets, the villagers danced in the square at a party arranged by Baronne de Rothschild. Sorcery enveloped both village and castle.

1. Mlle. Madeleine de Clercq. 2. Señora Bruno Pagliai; Mr. Peter Glenville. 3. Mrs. Yul Brynner; Contessa Consuelo Crespi. 4. Mme. Henri François-Poncet. 5. Viscountess Lambton; Baron Léon Lambert. 6. Mme. Taki Theodoracopoulos.

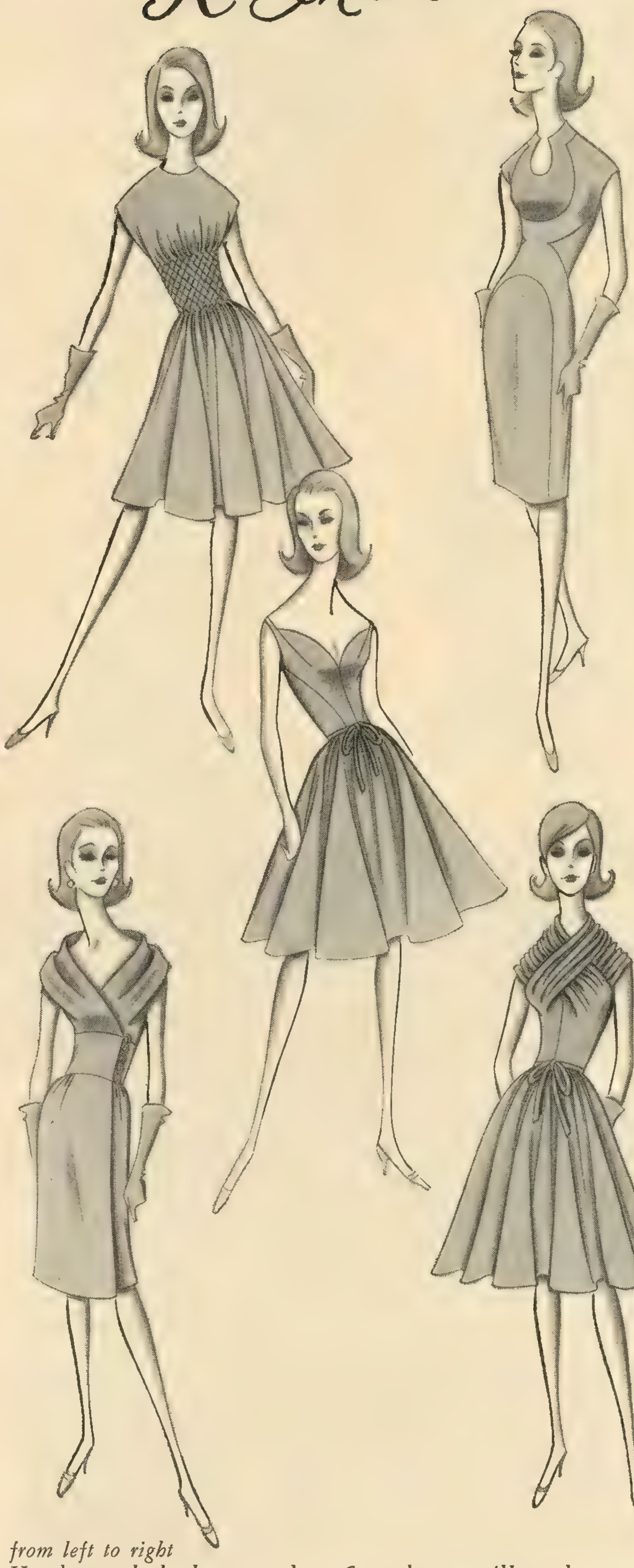


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Robert Morton



from left to right
Hand smocked sheer wool • Curved-seam silk and worsted
Pure silk peau short formal • Silk peau wrapped coat dress
Criss-cross draped sheer wool *from $90. to 120.*

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: TRAVEL

By Despina Messinesi

In Morocco,

"a new pocket of tranquillity"

There is a new pocket of tranquillity, the hotel Amphitrite at Skhirat, a village on the North African Atlantic some thirty minutes' drive from Rabat, fifty from Casablanca. Part of the charm of Amphitrite is that it stands right on the beach. In a reddish, iridescent stone building are reception rooms and dining rooms; in a glassy pavilion, a nightclub; and secreted under these are twenty-six guest rooms ingeniously built into the dunes. The whitewashed, monastic rooms, as well as the rest of the hotel, are simply done with strict Scandinavian teak furniture; bedspreads are of striped black and white Moroccan burnoose wool. Ceilings are domed. The special quality of these rooms is that each one opens to the beach. Sunlight filtering through wooden louvers is no problem as the rooms face west and are so low on the beach that only the late afternoon rays could be bothersome. A system of insulation developed by a French architect, Elaine Castelnau, keeps the rooms at an even temperature all year; no heat necessary in winter, no air conditioning in summer. At night, one is lulled to sleep by the surf's roar.

On the other side of the dunes, to protect it from Atlantic winds, lies the Olympic-size pool, filled with filtered sea water. Here, on a broad cement platform, guests stretch out on local straw mats to sun or to rest beneath the shade of huge pines. Climbing rosy-red geraniums and yellow marigolds bloom in the troughs surrounding the pines. Although there may be clouds over Casa and Rabat, the sky of Skhirat is usually clear. This benevolent climate works its magic on flowers—the roses of Skhirat have been praised for centuries. A small island in front of the hotel's beach curbs the wild surf which pounds most of the Atlantic coast. At Amphitrite the sea is like satin, its rhythm intoxicating. In fact, one swimmer said it was the only salt water she knew which made her skin feel clean—almost squeaky, like hair after a shampoo.

The new suntanning experiment at Amphitrite is based on a sauna, followed by staggered levels of sun doses combined with measured levels of exposure to sea air. It goes like this: after the sauna and a frosty shower which leaves the skin thoroughly clean, one suns first by the windless pool, then one moves up to a second protected level three feet higher up for a second dose of sun. Step three is on the broad top of a nine-foot-high wall where the sun, wind, and sea air attack the skin. Finally, the beach. Logical ending might be a massage; obvious result: a superb glow of health.

Other activities are tennis and horseback riding on the sand. (About a quarter of a mile away from the hotel a soldier guards the dunes where the King of Morocco's summer grounds begin.) Hotel guests include diplomats and members of the government, and many people drive here for a swim and to lunch, either in the upstairs dining room overlooking the Atlantic or by the pool.

The nightclub, in a separate building with views of the sea all around it, feels like a ship. It's cool and attractive with skeletons of musical instruments—a keyboard, a horn—stuck into the wall. Surprising, in Morocco: Scandinavian silver and glasses. A comfortable note is that no noise, not even the nightclub's band, disturbs the bedrooms—insulated by the roar of the sea.

USEFUL TO KNOW: Jet time from Paris to Casablanca: three hours. For reservations write to Amphitrite, Skhirat, Morocco. Rates for one person including meals and taxes: $15 a day.



VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

THEATRE

By Ivan Morris

In London: A Patriot for Me, "*gowned, wigged, powdered*"

A Patriot for Me, the newest work by John Osborne on the London stage, has the makings of lively drama. The ingredients are promising: espionage, homosexuality, anti-Semitism, and the glamour of the Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian Army during its final decades. Yet all this, together with a huge cast, colourful uniforms, excellent music, and a witty performance by George Devine as the smugly degenerate Baron von Epp, is bedevilled by wordiness and the absence of any impelling theme.

Alfred Redl, the protagonist, is a brilliant, ambitious Army officer who moves steadily up the rungs of the hierarchy by concealing both his homosexuality and his Jewishness. Professional and amatory success is accompanied by a disastrous moral decline, until eventually Redl turns traitor and loses all that he has gained. This is the stuff that might have made a tragic hero, a *fin-de-siècle* outsider; his plight, however richly deserved, is one we could sympathize with, as we do with Macbeth's. Yet the characterization is so unsubtle and wooden that in the end Redl becomes a dullard—and a rather unconvincing one at that.

After a sluggish opening, the play springs to life in the second act by focusing on the hero's sexual deviation and its destructive consequences. The act opens with a self-consciously "shocking" scene: Baron von Epp is giving his annual drag ball in Vienna and most of the gowned, wigged, powdered guests who flounce about the room turn out to be officers and gentlemen of the Austro-Hungarian aristocracy. This and other revelations of homosexual behaviour resulted in the play being banned for public performance by the Lord Chamberlain's office. It would seem to be an unusually pointless decision, since Osborne's treatment of the subject is not only banal but eminently proper. Pederasty is shown to be a scourge with consequences ranging from sordidness to cruelty, crime, and death. The most conventional schoolmaster or parson could hardly wish for a more respectable presentation.

If *A Patriot for Me* offers few psychological insights or seminal ideas, what in fact is it trying to do? It is hard to be positive; but I should imagine that John Osborne found dramatic parallels between some recent developments in Britain—the Vassall espionage case comes to mind—and an incident (a true story, the program note assures us) in the late history of another empire. The Hapsburg monarchy in its time of decadence is shown to have harboured certain rotten elements at its core and to have been betrayed by a man who was allowed to advance in the Establishment yet felt himself to be alienated from it. Here is the adumbration of a lively, topical theme in which past events might serve to illuminate the present. Unfortunately the play, although far more than a "silly charade" (Mary McCarthy's description) is too scattered and confused to permit any concentrated development.

It is also far too long and laboured; and for a playwright with John Osborne's brio the writing is strangely muted and humourless. Only occasionally, as when the hero vitriolically attacks one of his young friends who wants to leave him and get married, do we recognize the force and eloquence that vivified such characters as Jimmy Porter in *Look Back in Anger*. During far too much of the play lines are flat and the scenes lumber heavily towards their predictable conclusions. "I'm getting bored—sitting here on my own," remarks one of the characters at the beginning, and the words are sadly prophetic.



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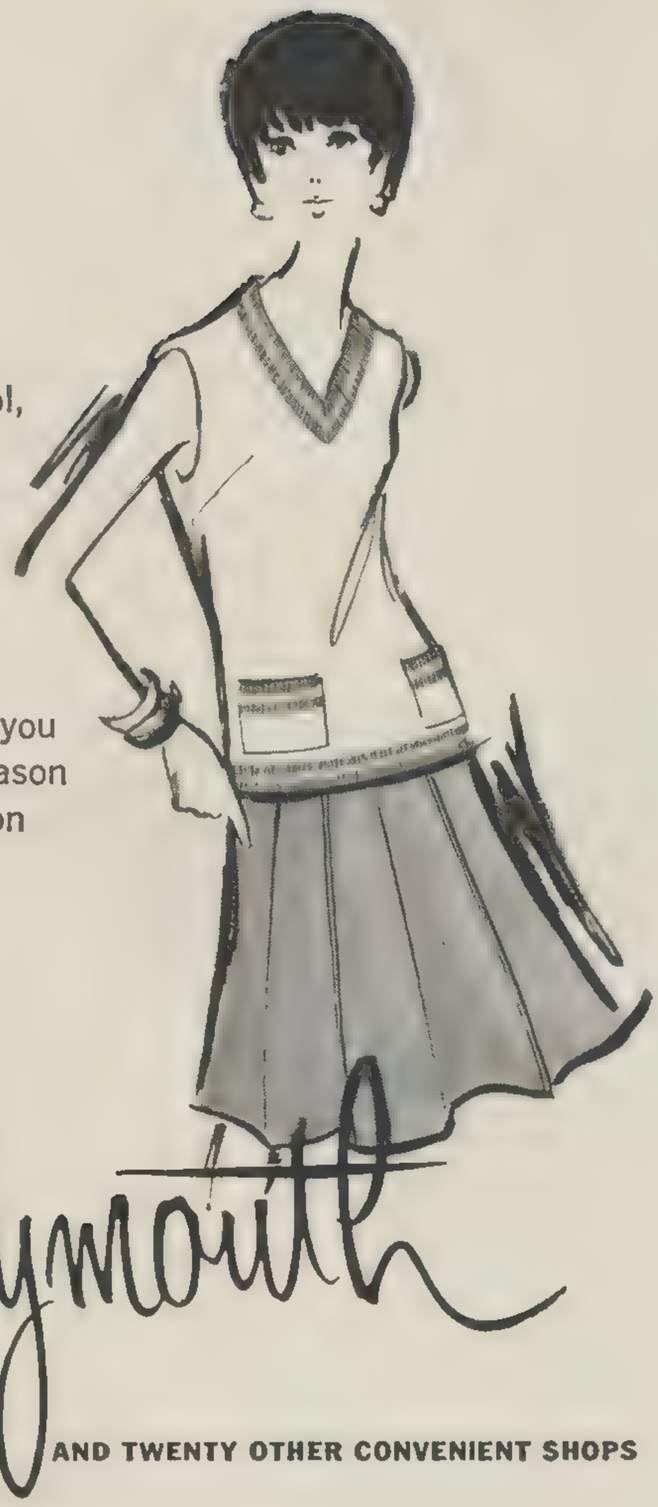
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: MOVIES

By Pauline Kael

Harlow,

"the falseness is total"

There is not a single line in Joseph E. Levine's *Harlow,* starring Carroll Baker, that sounds as if the speaker felt it or thought it, or could possibly have said it. The falseness is total: from "Oh Mama, all they want is my body" to "She died of life. She gave it to everyone else and there wasn't enough left for her." Even the title is false; what we see should be called *Landau.* It's about this wonderful guy who wanted to bring this beautiful talent to the world—a story which seems to parallel Levine's faith in Carroll Baker. She's about as talented as Harlow but in different ways. When Landau says to her, "You have the body of a woman and the emotions of a child," we can see it's just the reverse. The script is loaded with such choice epigrams as: "A bedroom with only one person in it is the loneliest place in the world." Not lonelier, I hope, than theatres playing *Harlow.*

Cat Ballou,

"lumpy, coy, and obvious"

Cat Ballou is the kind of movie which publicity handouts and, all too often, even reviews describe as a zany romp and frolic; the performers they describe as madcap, piquant, and beguiling.

It will probably be a big success, and it's so much better than a lot of movies around that, relatively speaking, it deserves it. But it's uneven, lumpy, coy, and obvious, a self-consciously cute movie with so many things thrown into it, and with so little sureness of attitude that I was reminded of an architect's story about the businessman and his wife who came to see him about building a hundred-thousand-dollar house. "You can do anything you want," they told him, "so long as it doesn't have any style."

It's a Western about a girl train robber, Cat Ballou (played by Jane Fonda), a sweet young cattle rustler (played by Michael Callan), his buddy who is whimsically called his uncle (Dwayne Hickman), a lovable old drunken wreck of a gunfighter (Lee Marvin), a darling Indian (Tom Nardini), and assorted killings, robberies, an attempted hanging, mixed with wisecracks, an intermittent ballad, and reminiscences of *Along Came Jones, Destry Rides Again, Seven Brides for Seven Brothers,* et cetera. Somehow it's all supposed to go together.

There are some nice things: Nat King Cole singing "They'll Never Make Her Cry"; Lee Marvin's elaborate, ritual preparations for a gunfight; an almost brilliant sick joke when Marvin mistakes funeral candles for a birthday celebration; some good lines. But mainly it is full of sort-of-funny and trying-to-be-funny *ideas;* and a movie is not just ideas. They need to be realized and sustained, they need to be part of a total idea—which is to say a movie needs a *style.* In stage comedy it is timing that separates the first- from the second-rater; in film comedy even the greatest performers, the best script may seem second-rate if the director and editor fail in deftness and speed—if they do not give the movie the *rhythm* of comedy. They must have the supreme discretion to know when a gesture or a repeated bit of business intensifies the humour or destroys it. It is this sureness of touch which is style.

Cat Ballou isn't a parody—that would mean *stylizing* the conventions of a genre, not just using them and making jokes about them. It's a "lampoon," a novelty picture. So many of these pictures are novelties now, aren't they, these pictures looking for gimmicks, trying to "grab" you? And it lampoons the only safe target—itself. The one thing *Cat Ballou* is serious about is success—which is just what must be risked in the arts.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By Elizabeth Hardwick

Miss MacIntosh, My Darling, "*such a sparkle and dazzle*"

Marguerite Young's *Angel in the Forest,* a bizarre and interesting study of the Utopian community in New Harmony, Indiana, came out around 1945, and, soon after, one heard that she was working on a novel called *Miss MacIntosh, My Darling.* Excerpts were printed from time to time, but in recent years there had been nothing more of it—until now: the entire work, seventeen years in the writing, and twelve hundred packed pages long, has at last appeared (published by Scribner's). One approaches the very existence of the book with a measure of awe or, at the least, astonishment. The sheer weight of the thing. And all words! There is indeed little plot and the characters, each and all, are fantasts, but there are words, a never-failing rush and pour of words. Metaphor and image never tarry in a waterfall of eloquence.

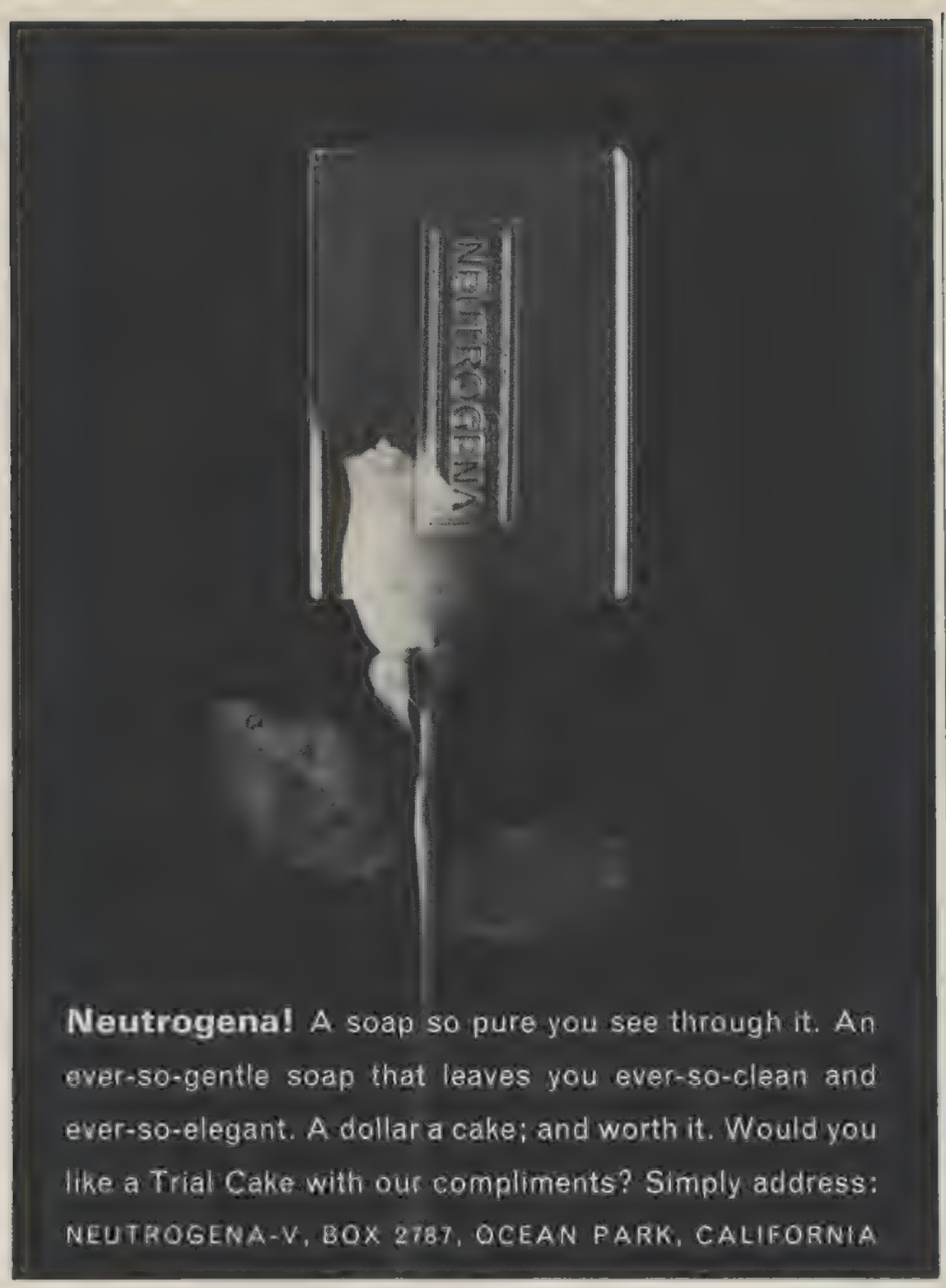
Miss MacIntosh of the title is an old nursemaid, "hale, hearty, sensible, dreaming no dreams like the others, entertaining no illusions as to herself or even as to them." Miss MacIntosh seems to be Reality in the midst of a phantasmagoria of illusionists. But Miss MacIntosh is herself an illusion of the most corporeal sort: her bright red hair is a wig, since she is completely bald, and although she appears the essence of the maternal, she has indeed only one breast. In a remarkable scene with Mr. Bonebreaker, whom she wishes to marry, Miss MacIntosh strips off her clothes and her wig, and Mr. Bonebreaker, eyeing Reality, flees the spot.

The central illusionist is Catherine Cartwheel, a lady addicted to opium. "Heavily laden with jewels as a Greek corpse, [the opium lady] had . . . slept for tideless years . . . surrounding herself with a world of dreams, visions, phantoms, her bedroom as filled with visitors as the Grand Central Station, some from the shores of Hades, voices of the dead, faded movie stars of the silent flicker films, imaginary telephone operators plugging in at imaginary switchboards, spirits like long-nosed bird dogs, drowned pearl-divers . . . jockeys riding the skeletons of dead horses, angelic birds." Most of the opium lady's life is a dream; most of her callers are imaginary, except the "paste-coloured, flabby" Mr. Spitzer.

A cascade of words describes the characters, but does not define them. They are intensely romantic, peculiarly literary. They are often seen drenched with rain, wandering the mysterious streets all night. When we suddenly come upon a bus station, we are surprised, but the bus station, too, is soon suffused with the glow of fantasy and decorated with the beads of eloquence. *Miss MacIntosh* is a work lovingly, patiently created. The imaginative energy of the language is hardly to be described. But it is not a prose language. The words give off such a sparkle and dazzle of possibility that one page seems at last much like another. It is a comedy, but somehow the joke never comes. And yet, no reader will take lightly Marguerite Young's seventeen years of toil, nor fail to experience the exuberance of her literary gifts. *Miss MacIntosh, My Darling* is rather monstrous and perverse, but it is a genuine oddity.



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VOGUE'S

A high-stepping party, near Paris, at Don Carlos de Beistegui's

Fête at Groussay, the famous château of Don Carlos de Beistegui. . . . Men in pink coats meeting guests with a fanfare of French horns. . . . In the blue-and-red-damasked theatre, the world première of *Madame de . . .*, Jean Anouilh's adaptation of the Louise de Vilmorin novel, with Dany Robin as Madame and, as Madame's hairdresser, in a walk-on, the great hairdresser Alexandre. . . . In the drawing rooms, supper, gypsy music, and the Beistegui collection of Bruegels, Bosches, and Gainsboroughs. . . . On the lighted lawn, in a long-skirted riding habit, Mme. Pierre Firmin-Didot, a Gainsborough to the life, giving a rare exhibition of *haute école* horsemanship with M. Jean-Paul Guerlain. . . . Some



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NOTEBOOK

of Europe's prettiest princesses and the Duke of Windsor, who later sang along with the Hungarian band. . . . So it went at this many-ringed gala to benefit the French Cancer Institute.

1. Princess Paola of Liège; Don Carlos de Beistegui. 2. Baron de Cabrol; Princess Charles d'Arenberg. 3. In the theatre. 4. Mme. Pierre Firmin-Didot. 5. The horsemanship exhibition. 6. Mme. Dany Robin as Madame de. . . . 7. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor; Mme. Louise de Vilmorin. 8. Mrs. Joan Dillon. 9. Princesse Michel de Bourbon-Parme; Prince Albert of Liège.



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FLIPPITY-FLAPPETY SASSY DRESSES—little about-the-knee skimps swinging from the hip, clinging through the ribs. Decorated with tacked-on epaulets, or pocket tabs, or stitching. The sleeves like soda straws sprung at the wristbone. In wildly patterned wools (i.e., a giant fuchsia plaid shooting sidewise over creamy tweed); $65 up at Serendipity 3's just expanded clothes boutique, 1114 Third Avenue. . . . COLOUR IT BLACK OR WHITE. Nothing in between. That's the plot for everything in the slick shop, Chiaroscuro. Within the two-colour limit, lots of witty, exuberant fashion—say, zebra stripes on white crêpe for a bias-y short dinner dress—the undulating hem knee-deep in black, white striped ostrich feathers. $120. 178 MacDougall St. . . . ONE-DAY GLOVE CLEANING. Deposit tired ones in special envelope. Add $1.25 (12-button, up, $1.50), 10c stamp. Practically next day (within city limits), back come the gloves, ready to go. Write Glove Masters, 451 E. 167th St., Bronx, N. Y. 10456. . . . MRS. W. PALMER DIXON THOUGHT OF IT. Designer Patton Campbell took it from there. Result: a little collection of ravishing "diner-chez-vous" robes—the fragile,



feminine sort Mrs. Dixon (above) wears any evening at home in New York, Long Island, or Barbados. This, ruffle-flounced apricot damask gauze, silk taffeta slip—very Dolly Madison. To order: Henri Bendel. . . . WAVE THE WHITE BAG. The clean chic of it for winter—against black, navy, bitter-brown tweed, a black Persian lamb reefer. Double envelope bag of chalk-white soft-as-a-glove kid. Folded over at the top, held closed by looping the two black kid handles. $49.50. Art Bag Boutique, 735 Madison Ave. (This place also an excellent handbag hospital.) . . . KICKY KNICKERS of caramel corduroy with a matching skimp cardigan. Makes a natty town tailleur for a city bicyclist—with knee socks, a Scotch cap, streamers flying; $60. Mad Jacs, 543 Third Avenue. . . . GAZE THROUGH THE ALLIGATOR. New frames for spectacles are made of real reptile skins. Many shapes; $40 to $60. Anspach Bros. Optical Boutique, East Orange, N. J. . . . CUDDLE JUMPSUIT OF ROYAL STEWART TARTAN cotton flannel; the wrists and ankles bloomered in with white eyelet ruffles. Ruffled eyelet at neck, down the button front, too; $8. The Village Store, 63rd St. and Lexington Ave. . . .

VOGUE PARIS . . . AT THE "R. & R." BALLS—What impressed an Italian visitor: Black looks. At the Rochas My Fair Lady Fête: "Mrs. Yul Brynner in all black—point d'esprit, plumes—*un sogno!*" At the Rothschild gala: "All the women were asked to wear pale dresses—most wore white. But the Princess Nancy Ruspoli in black—extravagant décolletage—*meraviglia!*" . . .

❋❋❋

NO SLACKS, JAX. Not content to sit on their classic shape they've recut their pants. Now they're lower in the waistline, wider in the leg line. The result even straighter, more string-bean. Mrs. Clifford Brokaw III (below) tries them in hound's-tooth-checked wool. Adds Jax's new navy wool, smooth sweater funnel-necked to the ears. Pants, $45. Sweater, $30. Jax, 7 West 57th. . . . Also in the works, a Jax bell-bottom. . . .

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MONTE-SANO & PRUZAN (Left). A masterful handling of the very new, very important long evening coat. It follows the body closely, but never crowds it. In a Fort Knox blend of Orlon* acrylic and wool. Night white. About $600. At: Hutzler's, Baltimore; Blum's-Vogue, Chicago; Bonwit Teller, New York; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast. Snood by Lilly Daché. All jewels by David Webb.

ARTHUR JABLOW designed by *DAVID KIDD* (Right). Beautifully illustrative of the new movement in fashion. A yielding ropy-tweed coat, shape-sure in Orlon* acrylic and wool. Eased over a willowy crepe, printed in worsted wool and brilliant Antron* nylon. Blue over blue-white-brown. Coat, about $225. Dress, about $125. At: Sanger-Harris, Downtown Dallas; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Gus Mayer, all stores. Hat by Mr. John.

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YVONNE ORIGINALS (Left). Moving in with the current trend to softness, the "dress with" look. In this case, dress with coat. A relaxed and totally wearable costume knit of pure Orlon* acrylic. Shape-assured in camel with blue, olive with gold, charcoal with chartreuse. About $165. At: Sanger-Harris, Downtown Dallas; Sakowitz, Houston; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast; Montaldo's, all stores. Hair by Enny of Italy.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX suits the gentleman in a clear-finished worsted of 55% Dacron* polyester, 28% worsted, 17% mohair. Very smart-looking and entirely capable of looking that way all day long. About $115.

PATULLO-JO COPELAND (Right). Hard-edge fashion, easing up now. In detail. In fabric. This cocktail sheath, closed asymmetrically. Shimmering in a slide of satin (a fabric to watch, this season) blended of Acele* acetate, Orlon* acrylic and Du Pont nylon. Color? A lip-smacking liquid-y chocolate. Or blond. About $250. At: Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati and Dayton; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles; Young-Quinlan-Rothschild, Minneapolis; Bloomingdale's Green Room, New York; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C. Hat by Mr. John. All jewels by David Webb.

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New autumn ease: hostessing in Orlon®, glistening in Antron®

JUNIOR SOPHISTICATES (Left). Skirt, sleeves, widened neckline, the fly-by-night jacket—all is softness here, all is news, right down to the fabric. A subtly pebbled faille of Orlon* acrylic, Du Pont nylon and rayon. White with pink velvet jacket of Du Pont nylon. About $140. At: Rich's, Atlanta; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati and Dayton; Sanger-Harris, Downtown Dallas; Bonwit Teller, New York; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Wash., D. C.; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast.

SAMUEL WINSTON by *ROXANNE* (Right). The small, spare costume. Points of interest here: the natty proportioning of jacket; the high, snug cut of sleeve. The fabric — a well-groomed tweed of Antron* nylon and wool very delicately lit with metallized Mylar*. White. About $425. At: Sara Fredericks, Boston; J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles; Maison Blanche, New Orleans; Bonwit Teller, New York; Dorcas Hardin, Washington, D. C. Hairdos by Vittorio of Enny of Italy. All jewels by David Webb.

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VOGUE'S EYE VIEW OF THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

THE POSITIVE TRIUMPHS IN AMERICAN FASHION

American fashion has never been so sure of itself . . . the rhythm of perfection has taken over: here are the prettiest and most feminine clothes in the world—discretion by day, magic by night—all here in the New York Collections in infinite variety, infinitely becoming, instantly available to every woman in the country.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS ARE POSITIVE: ***Fly fronts top tailoring news*** on jackets and topcoats —a fly-front coat of dark-grey tweed lined in chinchilla . . . wonderful with a stack of big, bright enamel link bracelets . . . plus mocha suède gloves. . . . ***Oval capes all the way***—a perfect little brown tweed egg outlining the brown tweed shoulders of a low-belted, double-breasted suit jacket . . . plus a beige mink cap. . . . ***The cavalry jacket a smash***—long, slightly shaped, vents in back . . . smooth, long sleeves. Marvellous over matching hip pants in palest dove-grey twill . . . plus grey cobra Beatle boots. . . . ***The swinging-panel coat***—back belt, straight lines, vents to the back of the waist. Reversible wool exactly right for this—chestnut brown showing a red-and-yellow Tattersall lining when the panel swings . . . really swings over a dress of the same Tattersall . . . plus a brown crocodile shoulder bag. . . . ***The Guardsman's coat in navy-blue Melton***—wide pleats, wide skirt, usually back-belted (as is every other coat this year) . . . snappiest thing in the world with a sable cap and brown suède gaiters. . . . ***The dirndl suit hitting its stride now***—miniature jacket with small, high armholes . . . full, fat skirt. Steel-grey worsted very good . . . big Maltese cross of rubies and emeralds splashed up and out on one shoulder . . . plus pitch-grey shoes cut out and strapped. . . . ***Positive continuers:*** The raglan sleeve—best sleeve ever invented—looks new on a suit of classic tartan. Small lapels carrying on. Ditto small, rounded collars—this winter, a small-collared coat in grey Persian lamb . . . plus matching fur cap and suède boots—all in grey, the strongest new colour for day. . . . THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS ARE POSITIVE: ***The small dress is rampant***—newest with a very low hipbone-belt. . . . Wonderfully pretty in thin black wool, in brown lace, white fur, coloured knit, baby-camel wool, anything you like. . . . Little white boots or gaiters—both right as rain with straight, short, small-dress proportions. . . . ***The smock dress*** heavenly in smoothest black wool . . . big fake diamonds at the ears . . . lots of rings—coral, enamel, grey pearls. . . . ***Tiny cap sleeves extending the tops of dresses***—newer than sleeveless. . . . After six: ***Wide wide V-necklines*** new and becoming. . . . Something to watch for: ***The firmly belted dress***—material falling generously all over the body, waist really held . . . yoke-top held by a turtleneck . . . loose, long sleeves held at the wrist. . . . THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS ARE POSITIVE ABOUT: ***Raincoats—Anything Goes*** as long as it's gay and good-looking . . . shining vinyl in every colour . . . dark fur linings in bright, light twills and broadcloths. . . . THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS ARE POSITIVE: ***Fur caps with everything***—Persian lamb caps, sable caps with bunches of tails, chinchilla caps . . . white ermine cap divine with white dress and boots, blue suède coat. . . . THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS ARE POSITIVE: ***Furs for all, prices to match***—from the bargain-in-chic of mink bellies, which are lovely in pale buff or shiny black, to ermine . . . black or white . . . soft as powder . . . the most delicious fur on earth. . . . ***Persian lamb is the news***—all tonalities—bone through café au lait, through a quite greeny chocolate brown. . . . Black Persian lamb is back. And steel-grey Astrakhan. . . . Black-and-white mink worked in stripes, in spots. Light mink and dark—a ravishing ***dark-mink caftan to the ground, white-mink edging.*** . . . A flock of charming little broadtail dinner suits in black, brown, white. . . . ***The smallest dress: black ermine!!! Most luxurious coat: A wide-skirted, tango-length officer's coat in sable*** —fourteen inches from the floor with a little beaded chemise underneath, just dusting the kneebone. . . . THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: ***Positive fantaisie***—the jewelled hand at night. The jewelled sandal. The diamanté pigtail. The monkey-fur pull with black lace leotards at home. An intoxicating teacoat in rich Paisleyed brocade. . . . THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS ARE POSITIVE: ***Proportioning creates heroines at night***—all women longer . . . supple, attenuated Greek-goddess figures moving within folds of glorious bias . . . Caryatid coiffures pulled up from the brow . . . voyant jewels . . . three-cornered fur shawls held close over wide stretches of bareness. . . . ***Cutouts of bareness supreme for evening***—



cutaway backs, cutaway sides, the one-shoulder dress—becoming to all, wanted by all, all over the map in marvellous variety. . . . ***Bias continuing strongly***—bias crushed, bias floating, sweeps of bias falling narrowly to the body—the most seductive and satisfying of cuts. . . . ***Lots of crêpe. . . . Lots and lots of black***—Fringed black-jet blazer sensational over a plain black shaft of bias wool crêpe. . . . Short black satin dress, little black ermine top, and long rivers of white white pearls—wonderful look for dinner and the theatre. . . . ***Beaded chenille pullover*** brilliant in magenta—like a cage of light over a strapless magenta dress of satin shantung. . . . Matching shawl and a short animated ***trapeze of scalloped brown lace***—one pure-white diamond in the hair, rouged knees, and the naked and strapped slipper in bright-violet satin. . . . Short theatre coat of cut velvet in an odd and beautiful ***amber yellow over a short white satin dress,*** lovely with corals. . . . The long wool coat—a pale, tall column of whitened green-almond over a flame of almond lamé. . . . A long sarong in two whipping shades of chiffon drapery, spiralled flat against the body. ***In general:*** All-out fantaisie at night. . . . Classic tailoring by day, completely discreet.

Pailletted flowers A glorious fireworks of coloured spangles—short, sleek, gleaming. By Burke-Amey. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, Joseph Warner earrings, Herbert Levine slippers, all at Neiman-Marcus. Kenneth's cap coiffure.

PENN



THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: Best pony in show, *left*—a spirited little dinner suit of chestnut-brown fake ponyskin; sleek, small jacket, short belted skirt. Bias turtleneck blouse in apricot shantung. . . . Suit, of rayon-and-cotton, and silk blouse, by Christian Dior-New York. Bracelet by Mimi di N. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit, also at Gidding-Jenny; L. S. Ayres; Harzfeld's. Adolfo velvet hat. Lipstick, Christian Dior #31. *Opposite:* Anywhere, anytime, Anything Goes coats—sensational in geometric black and white. Huge coin-dots, *near right,* white on black; double-breasted; wide skirt with a deep inverted pleat. About $235 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. . . . Great white parabolas, *far right,* on black; side closing; a flourish of scarf at the neck. About $235 at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Joseph Warner earrings. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Emme hats. . . . Both coats by Originala, in water-repellent cotton bonded by Coin to tricot. Prints by Julian Tomchin for Maxwell Fabrics.

Little dinner suit . . . shiny pony brown

Anything Gors coats . . .
geometric
black and white

Caryatid coiffure . . . column of white satin

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: 1965 Caryatid, *left*, in a column of hammered white satin . . . hair coiled high. Dress by Hannah Troy, in Celanese acetate-cotton-nylon (Hurel-TSM fabric). About $145. Lord & Taylor; Gidding-Jenny. Mimi di N necklace. Joseph Warner earrings. The tawny glow, Coty's Veil Naturelle. *Right:* A pure brow, a bared shoulder . . . body enfolded in a swath of thin black wool, satin-edged. By Christian Dior-New York, of Ordelaine fabric. Earrings by Jack Gilbert-Vogue Jewelry Co. All, Bonwit Teller. Dress, also: Julius Garfinckel; L. S. Ayres. Evins shoes at I. Miller. Both pages: coiffures by Kenneth.



One-shoulder
dress . . .
thin black wool

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THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: Whitened-beige turnout, *left:* Double-breasted coat and matching skirt in ombré worsted, over a dash of bitter-brown silk turtleneck. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan. At Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; I. Magnin. Vendôme earrings. The hat by Emme. Scandia's Luminante lipstick: Nymph IV. *Near right:* Riding-habit suit in taupe wool whipcord—shaped, double-breasted jacket, notched collar. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan. At Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Sally Gee scarf. K. J. L. bracelet. Adolfo hat. *Far right:* Small-jacket suit in camel wool twill—double-breasted top with high, small armholes; wide pleated skirt, wide brown leather belt. Jabé by David Kidd. About $125. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Gus Mayer. Adolfo hat. Stanley Philipson gaiters, made to order. Both pages: Kislav gloves; at Best & Co.

The coat turnout . . .
dash of bitter-brown

PENN

Small-jacket suit . . .
wide pleated skirt

Riding-habit
jacket . . .
double-breasted

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: A colour that candlelights the skin, *left*, with more shape through the body, long sleeves, and a plump little band of collar that follows down the front. With this, a matching cap—one of the marvellous pale-mink looks now. Coat, made to order by Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue, of "Tourmaline," Emba natural pale-beige mink. Big bright earrings by Mimi di N; at Saks Fifth Avenue. *Opposite:* A beautiful mix of pales, of textures—crisp chunky wool tweed in creamy oatmeal for a dress, a deeper-pale lining of natural beige mink sides for the tweed coat with small square collar. By Ben Reig, at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Mimi di N earrings. Grandoe gloves. Pale mink caps, both pages: Emme.

The pale mink coat . . .
and the little fur cap







Fur-lined coat . . .
oatmeal tweed
over pale mink

Furs with charcoal . . .
vicuña lining and cap



THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: All the Nowness of the season here—a small, straight, yoked dress, turned out with a matching coat of charcoal diagonal wool . . . a splurge of vicuña lining and cap. For town: perfect. By Branell, of Barnai fabric. Van Raalte gloves. All at Bloomingdale's. Costume, also at Montaldo's; Gus Mayer; Al Rosenthal. The big Maltese crosses of brilliants, by Jeanne: Altman's.

Fur-lined coat with little shoulders and collar, back yoke; a streak of dress—both, charcoal double-faced worsted twill. Furs that fit in here: a natural grey squirrel lining, white lamb cap. Costume by Jack Sarnoff, of Anglo fabric. Lilly Daché cap. Schreiner pin. All at Bonwit Teller. Costume: Joseph Horne; Frost Bros. Both pages: fabrics loomed in America.

Grey squirrel in charcoal . . . white lamb cap





THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: Big-skirted dirndl suit, *left*, in tortoiseshell wool tweed, cut on the bias . . . jacket, diagonally wrapped and tied. By Trigère. Tweed gaiters by Trigère for David Evins (to order). Suit: Bergdorf Goodman; Blum's, Chicago; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz. Anne earrings. Grandoe gloves. Both pages: Emme hats.

The belted dirndl suit . . .
tortoiseshell tweed, tweed gaiters

Green-brown corduroy . . . the long belted jacket



Green-brown corduroy, *left*, good new look for the long-jacket suit—belted, double-breasted . . . short, wide-hemmed skirt, panelled in front . . . perfectly proportioned with high white gaiters. By Originala (Crompton cotton corduroy). Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Rich's; I. Magnin. Grandoe gloves. Scarf by Doro. Belt by Ben-King. Evins gaiters of Corfam; made to order.

Cherry satin . . .
one shoulder tied

One shoulder . . .
white and
gold brocade

PENN

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: Beautiful new width to a deep V-neck, *right*, a devastating shape, the great look dark crêpe registers now; here, midnight-blue wool with a voyant pin's essential spark. By Malcolm Starr; about $125. Pin by Mimi di N. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Hutzler's; Gus Mayer; Battelstein's. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. *Opposite:* The one-shoulder feeling, the Greek-heroine look so becoming, so adored now —bias, lightly wrapped shapes that move beautifully on the body, show a little leg through slit hems. Far left, red satin with one shoulder bow; near left, white and gold brocade with one shoulder bare. Both by Sarmi; at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. With the red (Taroni by Sormani silk): earrings by Mimi di N; rings by Schreiner. With the white (of Bianchini silk): bracelet by Hattie Carnegie; earrings by Apex Art. The romantic Greek coiffures on both pages, by Pierre of the House of Revlon.

Dark crêpe . . .
the wide V-décolletage





Cut velvet . . .
blue plaid, pleats



Geranium plaid . . .
small jacket, dirndl

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: A charming dinner suit, *left*, in cut-velvet plaid, shades of blue, a shadow of red. White satin shirt. By Pattullo-Jo Copeland, of rayon velvet (Orceyre fabric). K. J. L. earrings. Both at Bonwit Teller. Suit, also at Neusteters; Frost Bros. K. J. L. and Robert Originals rings. *Above:* Brilliant plaid wool suit of geranium red, green, black, white. Shaped short jacket; red crêpe blouse; skirt with folded dirndl fullness. By Gerard Pipart for Nina Ricci, New York, of Scotney wool. At Bergdorf Goodman. Smith St. Jacques ring. *Below:* A snappy classic plaid—thin red lines widely spaced on navy-blue and dark-green wool twill. Long, leashed jacket with gilt buttons . . . pleated skirt. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. Charles Elkaim earrings. These and the suit, Bonwit Teller.

Classic tartan . . .
long jacket, leashed



Fly-front coat . . .
plaid inside



Fly-front suit . . .
putty tweed

Left: The fly-front—biggest news in tailoring now. Shaped coat of charcoal wool tweed, double-faced with black-and-white plaid inside. Coat by Frank Gallant; about $175. At Best & Co.; L. L. Berger; Wanamaker's, Phila. The K. J. L. bracelet, the Joseph Warner earrings and Grandoe gloves, all: Altman's. *Above:* Heathery grey-beige, the cleanest fly-front shape, with a straight skirt, a little collar to twist a turquoise scarf in. By Zelinka-Matlick, of Anglo wool; about $135. Grandoe gloves. Sally Gee scarf. Joseph Warner bracelets. All, at Altman's. *Below:* A fly-front suit of brown-and-grey checked wool with a widened neckline that opens to a turtleneck blouse of grey wool jersey. By Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch. About $245, at Bonwit Teller. Hats on these two pages, by Adolfo.

Earth-and-stone
checks . . . fly front

PENN



Lights-on skimp . . .
smallest dress, scarlet
and gold brocade

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: The smallest jewel, left—a skimp of mosaic brocade in red and gold edged in beaded embroidery. By Larry Aldrich, in brocade of acetate, Mylar, and nylon (Kaplan fabric); about $225. K.J.L. earrings. Halston's white fur cap, made to order. All at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also Montaldo's; Hudson's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Majorica necklace. White gloves by Wear-Right. *This page*, pale flowers the colours of moonstones, embroidered in beads on naked nothing-colour net over crêpe . . . bands of silver and gold embroidery glistening at the neck and sleeves. By Mollie Parnis. Schreiner ring. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. The dress, also at Gidding-Jenny and Neiman-Marcus. The coiffure, by Kenneth.

Pale glowing beads . . .
floating over nothing-net



THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: This year's Tattersall, *right:* taupe-and-tan checks on cream-backed whipcord. Lean, belted coat . . . double-breasted . . . narrow sleeves set in tiny high armholes. Seymour Fox (Anglo wool, loomed in America). Mimi di N earrings. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat: Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Gus Mayer. Doro scarf. Adolfo hat.

Taupe-and-tan Tattersall . . .
narrow belted coat



The yoked smock, *near right:* whitened-beige wool falling from a high, curved yoke straight to the top of the knee . . . shoulders softly outlined by the curve of raglan sleeves. Very pretty with a little white felt cap, white suède boots. Of Anglo wool. About $185. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus.

Zip right in, *near right:* small, soft dress in gunclub checks of grey-and-brown tweed . . . zipped halfway down . . . raglan sleeves cropped just short of the wristbone. Of wool and mohair. About $160. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's. Both dresses this page, by Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch. Hats by Lilly Daché. The boots by Nina, of Fleming-Joffe suède. On both of these pages: gloves by Crescendoe-Superb.

Smallest smock . . . high curved yoke

Gunclub checks . . . grey and brown, zippy for day



THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: The news about evening furs this winter—a luxurious length that shows shoes and ankles, adds a sweep of chic to a short evening dress. The length of the great furs here, and the look—guardsman-like, shaped in at the waist—taken from Russian officers' coats that flare down, grandly, over boot-tops. *Left:* A tango-length coat of chinchilla with a grey taffeta belt, and the swash of two great deep pockets that puff plumply below the wrapped waist. By Betty Yokova for Neustadter, of Aurora chinchilla; at William H. Harris, Providence; Hoffman & Morton, Chicago; I. Magnin. Gloves by Crescendoe-Superb. Earrings by Mimi di N. *Right:* Officer's coat—white mink worked vertically, with a squared collar, cuffed pockets, a deep back pleat. Designed by Emeric Partos, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman, of "Jasmine," Emba natural white mink. Bracelets by Kenneth Lane. The evening coiffures on both pages by Pierre of the House of Revlon; shoes by Andrew Geller.

Great furs . . .
tango-length
for evening



Frothy little dinner suit . . .
whitened pink, with paillettes

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: Whitened-pink dinner suit in frothy mohair-and-wool, winking with thousands of tiny, clear pale-pink paillettes as light as soap-bubbles. . . . Whitened-pink chiffon blouse. . . . Irresistible look for dinner. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, of mohair-and-wool threaded with paillettes (Orceyre fabric). Delivery October first. K. J. L. necklaces. All: Bergdorf Goodman. Suit also: Blum's, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus. Kislav gloves. Coiffure, Pierre of House of Revlon.

The oval cape at night, ruffled, outlining the shoulders . . . here in wild-cherry red silk, hip-length, over a long cherry silk dress. Blazingly beautiful look; splendid backdrop for jewels. . . . By Oscar de la Renta for Jane Derby, in gros de Londres (fabric by Abraham). Charles Elkaim earrings. Bergère necklace. Joseph Warner bracelet. All: Bonwit Teller. Costume also: Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Kenneth coiffure.

The ruffled oval cape . . .
long dress,
in cherry silk

PENN

Fur coatdress . . .
hair seal, wrapped



THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: Day grey: fur, flannel, tweed. Hair seal coatdress, *left:* taupey grey, trenchantly tailored. A small notched collar riding small shoulders, a narrow wrap narrowly belted. Lilly Daché for Wells Treister; Norwegian natural hair seal. At Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Halle Bros. Van Cleef & Arpels jewels. Kislav gloves at Best & Co.

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Iron-grey wool tweed, *below right:* no slack—the coat dark against a dove-grey wool jersey lining and turtleneck dress. Both by Harvey Berin. About $250. Bonwit Teller. Jewels by Van Cleef & Arpels.

Camel fleece smock-blouse, *left:* bib yoke, patch pockets; loosed for travel over a grey wool flannel skirt. Both by B. H. Wragge; smock in wool (Fabrics by the Rings). About $160. Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Julius Garfinckel; Gus Mayer; I. Magnin. Mimi di N earrings. Castlecliff bracelets. Christian Dior stockings. Adolfo hats.

Smock-blouse . . .
camel wool; grey flannel

Day grey . . .
iron-dark,
dove-pale

Reversible overcoat . . .
camel, whitened

Small smock . . .
banana jersey,
band of shirring

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: pale colour—camel, banana, ivory wool. Double-breasted, reversible, *far left:* camel fleece coat opening on white fleece, white knit. By Dan Millstein. Coat of Einiger wool, about $145. Belted two-piece dress, in Burl-Craft Knitters wool bouclé, about $75. Both fabrics loomed in America. Marvella jewellery. All, at Bloomingdale's. Costume, also at Famous-Barr; Joseph Magnin. Roger Faré gloves: Saks Fifth Avenue. Adolfo hat. Banana jersey pale as whip, *left:* the smock small as can be, ringed bosom-high by gathers. Dress by Donald Brooks, of Jasco wool. About $145. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Godchaux's; Sakowitz. Ring by K. J. L. Hat by Lilly Daché. Roughed-up ivory wool tweed cut with restraint, *right:* narrow sleeves, belted flare. By Adele Simpson. About $125. Ben-King belt. Both, at Altman's. Dress, also at Rich's; Dayton's; Hovland-Swanson. Charles Elkaim earrings. Hansen gloves, of Analon nylon. Halston hat, to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

Ivory wool . . .
sleeved,
belted



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THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: Shaped and wide-skirted, a guardsman's coat, this page, of soft grey lamb with silver buttons, a deep pleat and martingale at the back. Dashing and wonderful in motion; the notched open collarline perfect for pearls. Coat by Maximilian, made to order, of Swakara grey broadtail lamb from South West Africa. Majorica necklaces; white gloves by Grandoe; both at Altman's. *Opposite:* The faint blush that becomes beauty—mink in a pale-pearl colour with just a whisper of rosiness. It's Rovalia, the newest mutation, marvellously underplayed here in a little tailor's coat with a small rounded collar, narrow sleeves, buttons, a low leather tape. By Ben Kahn, of "Rovalia," Emba natural pale rose mink; at Gunther Jaeckel in Bonwit Teller; Gidding-Jenny; Bullock's-Wilshire. Bracelets by Castlecliff and Hattie Carnegie; at Lord & Taylor. Hat, both pages: Adolfo.

Guardsman's coat . . .
grey lamb

Pink mink . . .
tape-tied

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The sudden focus of politicians around the country on Republican John V. Lindsay, a forty-three-year-old, rather tousle-haired, handsome, clear-thinking, bust-the-walls-down Fusion candidate for Mayor of New York, running, however, without plastering the Party name all over; he is running as Lindsay of the Lindsay Party. . . . In Paris, Jean-François Revel and his anti-left pamphlet, *En France*, violent, funny, and partly true but very anti-Gaullist. . . . In Mexico City, the airy, almost new, beautifully glassy restaurant, Del Lago, brilliantly floodlit with pools and immense fountains—a place where everyone feels delightfully expensive and nobody wears Aztec earrings. . . . In London, the enormous success of Beryl Reid in the new Frank Marcus comedy, *The Killing of Sister George*, in which the high point is a superbly sad and marvellously funny scene in drag with two of the women stars playing Laurel and Hardy.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The Fashionable Savages* by John Fairchild, Editor-in-Chief of all Fairchild publications, including *Women's Wear Daily*, who has written a fast, incisive, gossipy, knowledgeable book about practically everyone in the fashion world, including the women who wear the clothes; the book reads as though Fairchild had done it as he zapped along on a speeding motorcycle, hurling out such messages as that Balenciaga is called by his workers "Le Bon Dieu," and that Norman Norell, the brilliant designer, a "dapper little man, with his coat thrown around his shoulders like a cape and his hat tilted sideways, ready to leave, to 'quit,' get out," just an hour before his most important showing on Seventh Avenue had thrown his coat to the floor and shouted: "Get me a pail of water and some Ajax and a sponge. I'm going to clean this godamn floor before all these godamn dresses get dirty."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The sporadic sizzle of *Casanova '70*, a marathon movie with Mastroianni being deliberately unseductive. . . . The nutty, diverting plots of the television program *Secret Agent*, an English series, shown here on CBS with Patrick McGoohan as the slick Agent, backed by a continuing song that is deep-South country music. . . . In Spain, the new young torero, "El Viti." . . . In France, the revelation of one hundred three masterpieces from Leningrad's fantastically rich Hermitage Museum, now at Bordeaux, but after September 21 in Paris at the Louvre.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The Suspended Drawing Room*, a book of profiles by S. N. Behrman whose style cuts like a laser, bloodless surgery, with a leisurely wit and a running cadence as he writes about Gabriel Pascal and George Bernard Shaw, about Dr. Emanuel Libman and Dr. Chaim Weizmann, and about the Hungarian playwright Ferenc Molnar, who lived in New York in one cheap room at the Plaza Hotel and ate at a Sixth Avenue delicatessen, surrounded by exuberant refugees, his disciples, telling each other such tales of the old days as the story of Fürstenberg, a German banker who telephoned another banker to make an appointment and "heard the surf of the pages being ruffled in the man's book. No time free in January, February, or March. The third of April was his first free afternoon. 'On April third,' said Fürstenberg, 'I have a funeral.' "

OSKAR WERNER, GREAT ACTOR ABOARD THE "SHIP OF FOOLS"

"I can take a train from my fox trap in Liechtenstein and be in any city the next morning." Oskar Werner's remark about the pivotal advantages of his mountain home betrays the European who has not gone global and does not go jet. This year, however, he did go to Hollywood to board—as ship's doctor—the Stanley Kramer film of the bleak, relentless novel by Katherine Anne Porter. Werner's mobile face is the more moving for steady flame-blue eyes as warming as his voice, his laugh; as disarming as his slight boyish build, his spiky blond hair threshed about like a fifth-former's. Born in Vienna and still an "*echter Wiener*," Werner has centred his life on the European stage since he first stepped forward in a high-school play as a single-minded fireman with a single terse line: "Where's the fire?" He soon found out. A member of Vienna's celebrated Burgtheater at eighteen and its producer-director-star at twenty-five, he mastered over fifty rôles in Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Molière, Shaw, O'Neill. A triumph as Hamlet confirmed his European reputation. He formed his own repertory company and toured the continent—with frequent side trips into movies. "I'm married to the theatre," he recently said, "but my mistress is the films. I am now spending more time with my mistress."

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CALENDAR OF

Sentiment in favour of the young artist is bound to be very strong in a society accustomed to having things (and people, ideas, works of art) wear out rapidly. To the vanguard sector of the American art public, a painter or writer who has reached the height of his capacity is automatically old hat. As they say in scientific circles, "If it works, it's obsolete." To achieve the tribute of a large retrospective exhibition or a solid place on the best-seller list is proof that one has entered the ranks of the dead. "Creation" and "youth" are held to be synonymous terms. What but new talent will satisfy our constant need for replacements?

Beyond the current appetite for the new, there is a psychological basis for identifying youth and creation. The child, as Melville observed, is bathed in "original" perceptions; in time these lose their singularity and are absorbed into patterns formed by experience and understanding. The world of youth is raw and finite and it invites each individual to give his own shape to it—that of age is familiar, formulated, and finished. The young, it would seem to follow, are in a natural state of creativity. On the other hand, a great masterpiece always possesses a quality that, at least by analogy, deserves to be called youthful: it produces, Melville said, "an effect, in its way, akin to that which in Genesis attends upon the beginning of things."

Youth would therefore seem to have the inside track in creation, whether of things or ideas. Unfortunately, however (or otherwise), there is no evidence that this is the case. Art's laws of creation are, beyond any doubt, different from the laws of biological birth and growth. Indeed, in classical periods it is the mature world of knowledge and judgment that art seeks to expose rather than the process of becoming; the inchoate impressions of the child's glance are not appreciated either as beauty or revelation. Since there is no premium on youth as such, the young artist, even the child prodigy, is regarded merely as a miraculously speeded-up adult—Raphael or Mozart is adored not for the youthfulness of his art but for its perfection.

In our society youth is a value in and for itself. For many people it represents the sole value about which they can be passionate. In a pre-World War II book called *The Doom of Youth*, Wyndham Lewis, the artist and comic philosopher, claimed that if you challenged a contemporary person's morality, he'd shrug his shoulders but if you said he looked older, he'd punch you on the nose. The worship of youth is heightened by its presumed association with other desirable qualities, such as innocence, virility, daring. Youth, however, draws its highest credit from creativity. In an age in which all beliefs and codes of behaviour are in question, the ideal of creation and renewal represents the supreme good, one inseparable from life itself. Even when the cult of the creative is held to be antagonistic to reason, it is the misapplication of the ideal that is condemned and not respect for creation as a value. Modern art has gone to extremes to weld creation to organic beginnings: the paintings of children and primitives have been elevated to the rank of major influences, and outstanding masters of the age (Picasso, Brancusi, Klee, Chagall, Gertrude Stein, Chaplin, Joyce) have imitated their direct and uninhibited conceptions.

The young artist is the personification of a most-favoured combination of values. When precocity surpasses mere imitative talent to achieve genuine creation, our agnostic era feels itself in the presence of the greatest wonder it is prepared to acknowledge. Keats, Rimbaud, Mendelssohn, Melville himself (he published *Typee* at twenty-seven, *Moby Dick* at thirty-two), Seurat, Picasso of the Blue Period, Cummings of *The Enormous Room* and *Tulips and Chimneys* hover in the imagination of contemporaries like angels of spring.

Genuine achievement by young artists is, however, rare in all times and places. In America, especially, important creations have most often tended to come from the mature and even the aged—the American who personifies creative energy in poetry is the "good, grey" Walt Whitman, in painting he is Marin or Hopper, in architecture Frank Lloyd Wright. The reasons for this are worth exploring; they indicate much about conditions of creation in the United States.

In countries where creation in art and literature have maintained a continuity of styles for centuries, the young artist could be propelled into mastery at a single stroke by a powerful thrust from the past, such as, for example, the schoolroom exercises in Latin and French poetry of the teen-age Rimbaud and the immediate influence upon him of Hugo and Baudelaire. Another stimulant to early accomplishment has been the presence of firmly defined traditional norms to which the budding painter or poet could accommodate himself or against which he could rebel. In the United States both these conditions favourable to early creation have been lacking until very recently. We have possessed neither a continuity of styles upon which the new artist could ride nor a set of aesthetic goals toward which he could direct himself. Every American writer has had to repeat in some degree Whitman's exclamation: "I, for my poems—What have I? I have all *to make.*"

CREATION

"Certainly, the sense of originality exists at its highest in an infant, and probably at its lowest in him who has completed the circle of the sciences."
***Herman Melville*, The Confidence-Man**

There has been lacking, too, that belief in poetry, painting, or composing as an exalted calling which in other nations induced parents and relatives to search for and encourage talent in their young ones, and which among the latter might lead to that temptation to please and to show off which, as Sartre tells us in *The Words*, could result in the choice of an artistic vocation before the child had reached puberty. In America the performing and popular arts have enjoyed this type of prestige, particularly among minority groups; and this has produced large crops of precocious violinists, tap dancers, opera singers, and bareback riders. But the career of poet or painter has been frowned upon as too risky.

The talented youth has had to fight for his right to create against an environment hostile to his purposes and perhaps also against his own guilt and uneasiness. He was compelled, too, in most instances to establish a material situation that would at least enable him to pursue his art "on the side." Thus, among twentieth-century poets, William Carlos Williams practised medicine all his life, Wallace Stevens practised law, and the majority of poets today teach in universities. So, too, do most painters and musicians. All these factors add up to an enormous subtraction of time from the creative life of the individual. As a result it has been characteristic of the American artist to start his work comparatively late in life and to move toward creation by fits and starts. To attain his proper style—that is, a consciousness of himself in aesthetic practice—has taken long years of work and idleness.

This is another way of saying that as a rule the American artist has had to wait until middle age in order to find his youth—as in such outstanding examples as Gorky and Rothko in painting, Henry Miller in the novel. For him youth as creation has been not a chronological fact but a metaphysical condition to be achieved by a series of self-renewals.

The "American" experience of slow individual development emphasizes the need to distinguish between youth as an age category, and youth as a manifestation of psychic vivacity. Picasso has said that when he was a child he drew like Michelangelo, but after years of practice he was able to draw like a child. Whatever be the "sense of originality" of infants, a young generation is likely to be as conservative, conformist, and indifferent to creation as an older one—such has been the case, observers agree, with the post-war security-seeking generation in America and elsewhere. History shows that if we had to depend on the young for youthfulness in art and ideas, we should be in a bad way. Certainly, none of this year's twenty-five-year-old painters of optical demonstrations has matched the pristine glow of the paper cutouts which Matisse executed at eighty.

To all appearances conditions in art today are more favourable to creation by the young than they were in the past. Norms (or the absence of them) in painting, sculpture, poetry, music have to some extent been stabilized on an experimental plane by public acceptance of Abstract Expressionism, the Beats, electronic and concrete music; and creation in the arts has been recognized as offering careers not too inferior to the performing arts in financial and social rewards.

In painting, for example, De Kooning, Pollock, Hofmann, Newman, Motherwell, Baziotes, Rothko, Guston, Albers, Gottlieb had by the mid-fifties provided a general stylistic background from which newcomers could take off, and Action Painting had set the measure of what to strive for or against. Artists in their twenties were thus enabled to attain at one stride an aesthetic assurance which their predecessors had reached only after decades of hesitation and of running down false clues. With Rauschenberg, Johns, Oldenburg, Dine, Wesselmann, Katz, Marisol, Chryssa, Poons, Rosenquist, and a dozen others propelled into prominence, painting and sculpture seemed suddenly transformed from arts of the middle aged to arts of youth. Chronological age and the "sense of originality" had apparently begun to converge.

The critical question is, how deep is this freshening sense and how long will it last? The answer will, of course, rest with each individual. There is, however, a common danger with which all young artists today are faced. That danger is generation-consciousness, which makes a fetish of birth dates and watches the clock to count the hours of decline. It was in this modern youth-consciousness that Wyndham Lewis detected the cause of the early extinction of youth in our century. Youth had become a "cause"—often the cause of men and women over forty. But youth in the mirror of a transient organic privilege is undoubtedly the opposite of the self-forgetful absorption of the innovating act. The youthfulness of the creative lies not in the individual's image of himself, any more than it does in his nerves and muscles; it lies in the unaging radiance which his surroundings have for him. The artist as a person may, like anyone else, rebel at the thought of his growing old. It is in the nature of his vocation, however, to pray to heaven, like the Hebrew mystic quoted by the late Martin Buber, "Do not let my world grow old."

BY HAROLD ROSENBERG

NORELL

THE SMALL NEAT HEAD AND THE SLIM BODY... LONG LINES AND LOW BELTS... VIVID MAKEUP AND ROUGED KNEES...

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: Norell for pretty women....*Near right:* The long overblouse with everything...sleeves to the wrist, belt looped on the hips, four little tucks on the narrowest shoulders. Here—with pearls swung high and low—white crêpe for a low-belted, double-breasted, long-jacket suit of Oxford-grey twill, collared in black velvet. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Rich's; Joseph Horne; Frost Bros. *Top right:* The long-jacket suit—long line of collar, low line of belt buttoned on the double-breasted closing (back view, directly below). Beige mélange twill with a long black jersey overblouse...and characteristic touches of charm and perfection—the whitest camellia, a fluff of pale fox to carry. Suit and overblouse, at Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Marshall Field. *Centre right:* The longest suit jacket—a proper seven-eighths coat in a Tattersall of brown, black, ivory...low belt and pockets ...double-breasted over a low-belted brown wool jersey overblouse. Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Julius Garfinckel. *Below right:* Oval capes outlining the shoulders of the long, belted overblouse.... Foreground suit: black wool Shetland over beige wool jersey. At Evelyn Byrnes; Blum's, Chicago....Background, oval-cape suit in beige twill over black wool jersey. October 1: Lord & Taylor; Woolf Brothers. All clothes, these pages, also at I. Magnin.

The long,
long overblouse...
belt very low,
pearls very long



The long-jacket suit...
low collar, low bel

Seven-eighths coat...low belt, low pockets

The oval cape and the elongated overblouse

BERT STERN

NORELL

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: Jewels in themselves, *this page and opposite*—long blazing evening blazers spilling like light from the shoulders...very nonchalant and very luxurious....Sensational over the simplest two-piece dresses of black wool crêpe with low-belted elongated overblouses and the perfect Norell skirt—hung from a silk camisole, cut to show rouged, pretty knees....

At left, a checkerboard blazer of black and silver paillettes mounted on silk chiffon. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin....*Opposite,* the pailletted blazer, all golden, glistering stripes...diamanté buckle on the belt of the overblouse...a glimpse of the most provocative little hat at Norell—Halston's tight, small turban of matching paillettes worn low on the forehead. At Bonwit Teller; Dayton's.

The cardigan-jacket suit for evening, *below right:* charming little uncollared tops of wool jersey with cigarette sleeves ...long matching dresses with belted, lightly dirndled skirts...beads hung to the waist....Facing the camera, the cardigan-jacket suit in tomato-red jersey. Henri Bendel; Frost Bros....Profiled, carbon-blue jersey. De Pinna; Harzfeld's. All clothes these pages, also: I. Magnin.

The long pailletted blazer... black-and-silver checkerboard

BERT STERN

The cardigan-jacket suit...wool jersey to the ground, beads to the waist

The pailletted blazer...stripes of gold sequins



THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: Black satin shawl, *far left*—hooding, mysterious, seductive as a Goya *Maja*....White brocade dress banded in black satin; demi-long skirt, little pointed train. By Dominic for Matty Talmack. Joseph Warner bracelet. All: Bergdorf Goodman. Ensemble, also at Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Evins shoes at I. Miller. *Left:* Two-piece white crêpe, narrow, soft...tied high under the bosom ...above-ankle skirt. By Teal Traina, in silk crêpe. About $215. Apex Art earrings. All: Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Burdine's. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Shoes at I. Miller Galleria. Buckles by Bernard Abrams. *Right:* One-shoulder dress for the discothèque round...a giddy whirl of black ostrich feathers, spiralled in black chiffon; shortest skirt, tiniest waist. By Sarmi, at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Evins shoes at I. Miller. Both pages: Star of Siam necklaces; Henri Bendel. Coiffures, near left and right: Pierre of House of Revlon.

The Goya shawl...
black satin over white brocade

Two-piece white crêpe...
narrow, high-waisted

One-shoulder whirl...
black ostrich, black chiffon

PENN



Bias black chiffon...
haltered, spilled

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: black for evening. *Left:* Black on the bias, a transparent chiffon spill, sprung from a jet-jewelled halter over black silk—the long filmy sleeves slip on or off. Dinner dress by Oleg Cassini, of Stern & Stern silk. About $200. At Rosette Pennington; Joske's, Houston. Castlecliff earrings, Robert Originals ring; both, at Lord & Taylor. Coiffure by Pierre of the House of Revlon. *Below:* Body echo in black, sounding every curve from bosom to knee—a satin bow flaunting low on the wide V-neckline. Dress by Jobère; Meyer wool. About $110. Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's. Royal of Pittsburgh pearl necklaces. Charles Elkaim hair ornaments. Shalimar gloves. Coiffure by Kenneth. *Opposite:* Black crêpe at arms' width, caught high by a jewel; the kimono sleeves and swirling drapery are drawn together at a deep, pointed décolletage. Silk crêpe dinner dress by John Moore. Apex Art earrings. All at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Montaldo's; I. Magnin. A handful of rings: Robert Originals and Schreiner. Evening coiffure: Kenneth.

Black silk crêpe...
kimono sleeves

Black wool, satin...
wide V-neckline



PENN

Tailor's coat in charcoal
the white fur cap



THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: A perfect stroke of coat-tailoring in a perfect tailor's fabric—charcoal-grey wool monotone tweed. Narrowly shaped, with big flap pockets at the high waistline, a precise little collar—here with a cap and stock of white mink, gloves of pale grey leather. Coat by Ben Zuckerman. Earrings by Mimi di N. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat: Dayton's; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Kislav gloves. Halston hat, to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

PENN

Theatre suit . . .
candy-pink Melton

Clearly beautiful for winter evenings—pink wool Melton cloth, with a soft, velvety face. The jacket, a short little shrug of shape, over a dress that repeats the bauble buttons. By Junior Sophisticates, $145; of Worumbo fabric, loomed in America. Trifari earrings. Analon nylon gloves: Hansen. All: Bloomingdale's. Suit: Hutzler's; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Horne. Kenneth coiffure. It might be scented with Chant d'Arômes . . . in Guerlain's new hair spray, Capillaque.

Magenta suit . . .
double-breasted
inside and out



THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: Suit with a smooth, marvellous cut, *left*, doubly double-breasted —two rows of buttons on the long jacket . . . two rows on the perfect little tailor's weskit. Wonderful for Autumn in a deep plummy magenta wool. By Ben Zuckerman. Viola Weinberger gloves. Halston's white fur cap (to order). Everything at Bergdorf Goodman. The suit, also at Dayton's; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Jewellery from Van Cleef & Arpels.

PENN

Below: Great inside and out, an Anything Goes coat of silk grosgrain striped in earthy clay and taupe, with strapped sleeves, a beautiful burst of tawny vicuña lining. Gold wool jersey dress. By Ben Zuckerman; coat, water-repellent Taroni fabric. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Jewels: Van Cleef & Arpels. Viola Weinberger gloves. *Far right:* The colour and grain of wet sand, double-faced with softer paler sand—a suit with superb looks, small proportions. Pale sand, wool jersey blouse. By Ben Zuckerman, of Italian wool crêpe. At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Neusteters. This page: Adolfo hats.

Fur-lined raincoat . . .
silk stripes

Sand-shades . . .
the double-faced suit


PENN

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: Beautifully tailored . . . colours soft, whitened . . . marvellous coats and suits for evening all by Ben Zuckerman. *Opposite page, left:* Cut velveteen in amber yellow, pale new evening excitement. Delicious double-breasted short coat, long narrow sleeves . . . shoulders slightly widened from a proper little roll of collar, filled with corals. Of Taroni cut velveteen. The coat at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. *Opposite page, right:* Fleecy almond-green wool to the ground . . . double-breasted . . . lightly shaped . . . widened past the ankle. Warmed at the throat, here, with a tie of white ermine. The coat at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Dayton's. Rhinestone earrings by Schreiner, at Henri Bendel. *This page, left:* Romantic little evening coat . . . short, smoke-pink wool broadcloth, double-breasted above the waist . . . the notched collar, a silky curve of chinchilla. The coat at Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; I. Magnin. The necklace by Majorica, at Lord & Taylor. *Above right:* Pink lamé flashing silver and gold . . . short tailored jacket . . . long narrow skirt; the weskit, a perfect little jacket on its own. Suit at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Evins shoes at I. Miller. *Below right:* Almond-green wool . . . soft, pale, pale, tailored to perfection in a short, double-breasted evening suit . . . a gleam of pale-almond lamé blouse showing at the collar. Suit and Schreiner earrings at Henri Bendel. Suit, also at Julius Garfinckel; Dayton's. The evening coiffures on both pages, by Kenneth.



Narrow lamé suit . . . gilded and silvered pink

Short evening coat . . amber-yellow cut velveteen

The long wool coat . . . almond-green fleece

High-shaped coat . . . pink plus chinchilla



The little dinner suit . . . pale almond wool

Any-hour grey: dark to pale . . .
dirndl tweed, gilet . . . white mink

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: Wool any-hour suit, *right:* charcoal tweed, pale crêpe gilet; shade of grey, whitened now by a mink fillip. Oscar de la Renta for Jane Derby. Roger Faré gloves. Both, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit, also Hutzler's; Sakowitz. Van Cleef & Arpels jewels. Adolfo hat. *Opposite page, left:* Shorter blouse, wider skirt—in greening wool-and-mohair. About $90. Schreiner earrings. *Right:* Greige worsted—small, snug, buttoned to one side. About $60. Both dresses by Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman, of Yuma fabric loomed in America. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Montaldo's; Joseph Magnin. Vendôme earrings and necklace, at Altman's. Roger Faré gloves: Saks Fifth Avenue. Lilly Daché hats.

Overblouse dress . . .
coarse tweed, wide skirt

Smallest
dress . . . greige,
asymmetric



THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: Hound's-tooth checks—cape suit, dirndl-skirt suit. Camel and brown checks lined in leather, *opposite, left:* a reversible cape ovalled on a single-breasted jacket, a gathered skirt. At Lord & Taylor; Godchaux's; Neiman-Marcus. Reversible cape suit again, *opposite, right:* the leather-lined oval cape now circling low on the hip, the hound's-tooth checks now whitened colour—camel and unbleached. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Godchaux's; Neiman-Marcus. Both costumes by Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch, in Dick & Goldschmidt winter wool. Mimi di N earrings. Brown leather gaiters made to order by Stanley Philipson. Both coiffures by Marc Sinclaire of Marcel. Coming across like diamonds, *right:* checks of red-and-tan wool—the jacket short and double-breasted, the skirt wide, with dirndl gathers. Suit, red wool jersey overblouse: Geoffrey Beene. About $250. At Saks Fifth Avenue: Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Charles Elkaim earrings. Adolfo calot. Both pages: Roger Faré gloves. Saks Fifth Avenue.



Diamond checks... double-breasted dirndl suit

Reversible cape suit... oval cape, leather-lined hound's-tooth checks

Hound's-tooth check suit... oval cape; reversible, longer...whitened checks

PENN



Swinging checks...
belted and pleated

Lacy, whitened-greige wool knit, *near right,* in two pieces...the pull belted and banded in pale-grey satin. By Harvey Berin. About $145. At Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Wm. H. Block. Bracelets by Kenneth Lane. Pale-grey roller: Lilly Daché. *Above:* Black-and-white checked wool bias-shaped through the torso, with tiny cap sleeves, a belted swing of pleated skirt. By Chuck Howard of Townley. $110. Ben-King belt. Both at Henri Bendel. Hat by Mr. John. *Below:* Dirndl coat in ginger wool tweed...small shaped top, double-breasted...big dirndl skirt. Not shown: its ginger-and-brown cotton batik dress. By Vera Maxwell. At Bloomingdale's. Evins gaiters of Corfam, to order. Hat by Adolfo.

Two-piece dress...
lacy greige knit, satin bands



The big-skirted
dirndl coat

PENN



Fly-front coat... wide pleated skirt

Small-jacket suit... closed on the side

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: Small-jacket suit, *right*, in grey-and-taupe wool tweed. Lightly shaped jacket curved against the ribcage, side-closed...sleeves set in high; easy skirt. By Frechtel. At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. The necklace by Marvella. Hat by Adolfo. *Above:* Fly-front coat in dark-brown worsted with a brown leather belt tied low ...small raglan-sleeved top...wide pleated skirt. By Zelinka-Matlick, of Forstmann fabric. About $135. At Bonwit Teller. Hat by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. *Below:* Reversible coat in charcoal wool, double-faced with window-pane checks of grey and white...long-pull dress checked to match...terrific turnout for town or travel. Costume by Kasper for Joan Leslie. About $140. At Altman's; Rich's. Hat by Emme. Both pages: gloves by Trefousse.



Double-faced turnout...charcoal over checks



THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS: Watch the young good looks of the green wool crêpe suit, *left*—they're moving ahead fast. Small shaped jacket, closed to the side with three braid buttons ...bias skater's skirt swinging from a hip yoke. Marvellous with a little cuffed cap of soft nutria, white stock at the throat. By Seymour Fox. At Lord & Taylor; Woolf Brothers; I. Magnin. Cap by Lilly Daché. On both these pages: stock by Emily Wetherby. *Right:* Anything-Goes coat luxuriously tailored in whitened-beige matte cotton satin...nonchalant about the weather, the hour. Yoked, double-breasted, belted...a stock of white silk at the throat. By Originala, of cotton backed with worsted-and-silk twill (Litex fabric); Scotchgard repeller. At Altman's; Julius Garfinckel. Bracelet by Judith Green; at Altman's. Adolfo hat.

Side-closed suit...
skater's skirt on the bias

PENN



The tailor's coat...
Anything Goes

THE ALARMING QUALITIES OF IVY COMPTON-BURNETT

BY POLLY DEVLIN

Ivy Compton-Burnett lives in a citadel of a flat in one of the most famous squares of London, where literary and artistic figures have come and gone for a hundred years (a square which has been mentioned in many poems, including those of T. S. Eliot). Her flat is a high vaultish cool place full of heavy quietness. Going there is like stepping back over the abyss of fifty years. It's not only the heavy and beautiful furnishings, the coal fires, the housekeeper in cap and apron bringing china and Indian tea, the watercress sandwiches and strawberry jam, although all these contribute to the atmosphere. It is the lovely grace and stillness of the place, a grace that is embodied in the head of the house, Ivy Compton-Burnett.

She fascinates physically by her austere clever face, her demanding, assessing eyes, her hair banded tightly on her forehead in an archaic, mediaeval style. Her hands have a bony beautiful delicacy. She moves carefully with the erect economy of a disciplined body, sits stiff-backed and poised in her chair. But her alarming qualities of intellectual discipline and sheer intelligence fascinate most. She is a self-contained woman without any need for reassurances, flamboyance, or display. She is a great writer and she knows it; she circles her work with detached pride and without any personal involvement.

Writing is a job to her—an enjoyable one—not a queasy extension or expression of personality. She has a first-rate mind, uses it, talks sharply, succinctly, often epigrammatically; leaves the route towards her open, without advancing down it; she gives understanding without concession, sympathy without pity, comprehension without assumption. She is the least pretentious person I have met, the most awesome. Her comments are always to the point. She is an economist with words. "Nowadays people are much less individual than they ought to be." Or. "I don't know why people write autobiographies. I never shall. All kinds of subtle and important things have to be left out, can never be said. There is so much in people's minds that they can never reveal. I don't think that they can give themselves their own pictures."

Since 1925, Ivy Compton-Burnett has been producing the novels which make her one of the great writers of this century. Yet her work seems out of context, isolated among general trends, and critics who try to place her have compared her with countless other writers of countless nationalities. She writes as herself. The only author with whom she could be compared, or with whom she has any affinity, is Jane Austen. Their work is about family relationships, the interplay of personalities among a few families living close to each other. But Compton-Burnett comedies of manner are devastating and cruel ones in which terrible things are said, vulnerabilities are laid bare and played upon.

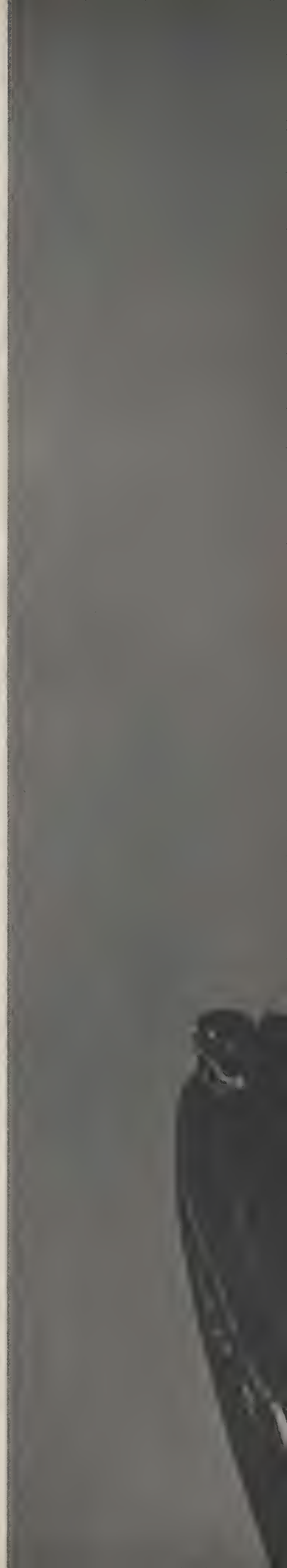
Her books, with their binominal titles, *Daughters and Sons, Brothers and Sisters, A House and its Head, A Heritage and its History, Men and Wives,* have an addicted readership. "But I need sophisticated readers. This is why my books go well in Cambridge and Oxford." Her sharp wit, subtle terrorisms, and remarkable insights constantly delight and surprise, but the new reader confronted by her books is often disconcerted by the amount of dialogue. She said of herself that her books "are halfway between a play and a novel." She added sharply: "I would never write a play—plays are wasted and a great deal of money is often lost on them."

Her characters live in that time immediately before the First World War, but they move in space, carry their age with them, and are timeless. "One knows the world of one's childhood best, and I find it difficult to write about the war years. I don't know that it should be so difficult at this date; but one can't escape war. The Great War was my childhood—although what there was great about it, except for its appalling slaughter, I fail to see. Two wars altered my life—you escaped them. I don't worry about other wars too much; I'm past the age of worrying but I do think we have found out a great deal too much."

She never describes the surroundings of her characters—sultry moods are not built up—all is conveyed through dialogue or actions, but the feel and flavour of the age are evoked and conveyed sharply. Her novels can never date, because the people in them are real, because human relationships don't change.

There is never a sudden crack in Ivy Compton-Burnett's world; there is a series of weakening splinters. Her characters progress step by step towards degradation or greatness. They never suddenly tumble or suddenly rise. Towards degradation the descent is quiet, terrible, and often inevitable. The evil that befalls them is an evil they invite for themselves. And every day in the country houses, the theatres of cruelty where her novels are set, there is a slow constant gnawing away of defenses and of standards. Spectacular crimes are (Continued on page 281)

Miss Compton-Burnett, after her London critical success, in spite of public apathy, refuses now to see anyone. That success: *A Heritage and its History,* the adaption of her novel into a play by Julian Mitchell who kept the lethal atmosphere of the book, the folly, the stylized stateliness, the controlled, marvellous conversation, the contempt.



PENN





GRÈS: THE LOOK THAT CHANGES THE TEMPERATURE

The fly-front coat closed to the side, poncho length— a luxurious bulk of smooth cinnamon wool enfolding the body, with a wide funnel neck moulded like the lip of a vase . . . soft, ample raglan sleeves. Worn over a suit of cinnamon-and-charcoal checks. Fournier fabrics. Costume at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

PENN

PARIS

THE NEWS AS WE SEE IT

Paris with its perpetual stimulation for the coquetries of women has perhaps never made clothes that are quite so pretty, so effortless, and so becoming. Here is fashion to simplify your life and enhance its pleasures. Divinely discreet for day, and at night everything alluring, amusing, extravagant.... Many of the cuts of Paris spring from a fascination for bold linear weaves and colour laid on as if with a T-square or triangle.... At Saint Laurent, the colours and geometrics of Mondrian—straight dresses of ivory weighted jersey sectioned by bands of sharp black, perhaps a square of bright blue on one shoulder, a hem of deep yellow.... Grès showed a new poncho déshabillé of lamé patterned with gold and silver sweeping across enormous rectangles of ruby, emerald, and blue—all lines slanted across the body; deep slits on each side revealing-concealing the mannequin's racy tapering legs.... Wide stripes of mink mounted horizontally on bitter-brown leather, black mink banded on white vinyl.... Paris is moving us towards a dégagé splendour for evening; the plunge is on.... Extremely subtle unexpected flashes of skin—a flicker of bareness at the sides of the midriff... deep diagonal slashes that bare the shoulders—sensational for a black silk dress moulded to the body by a marvellous mosaic of bias seaming... a dress one covets instantly on sight—on impulse.... Tricorne hemlines at both Cardin and Grès: a deep point dipping almost to the floor in front; the back of the skirt stopped at knee-level... deep green faille bordered in dense crackling jet beads.... Clean, clear, and Oriental colours.... Lots of blue in every collection: Bristol, enamel, and the grey-blues.... The Cardin greens—pale avocado to jade to Erin Go Bragh, and all tonal stops between.... Gold metallics rampant.... Throbs of violet.... Pink magenta with plenty of pink and magenta.... Original and amusing tweeds and suit fabrics: triangle checks on grey-to-charcoal tweed... a sleek little blouse of guinea-hen feathers with a steel-grey tweed suit.... Feathers flying all over.... Ostrich hoods at night—closed over the throat, showing only the cameo-oval of the face.... Black ostrich for a taupe evening suit.... Everywhere a perfection of clothes worked close to the body—never tight, always divinely slender, with the look of small bones, very long narrow legs, and narrow arms.... Paris has mastered more brilliantly than ever the narrow set-in sleeve with a very small high armhole and exactly the right degree of ease at the back of the shoulder.... Superb in all the little suits of Paris with their spare little jackets carved ingeniously to the midriff and narrow skirts with just enough shaping to give walking-around room at the hemline.... This new proportion at Dior: wide-brimmed soft felt hats worn with small narrow-shouldered suits.... Suddenly, at Saint Laurent, a new sleeve with a bit of largesse that changes the look of the topcoat—the bodice small, close, double-breasted; the skirt, fairly wide... charming in sorbet pink.... Still coming on strong: the narrow coat skimped close to the body... straight as a streak, double-breasted, belted... or eased at the hem by a small flange set low at the back.... The sexiest look in Paris is chiffon or lace with arms showing through—a cage of tangerine lace to the knee; long transparent sleeves... black chiffon, sleeved to the wrist, spiralled softly around the body, caught at one knee, one shoulder, with black satin bows.... Just as sexy: the looperoos of Dior—dresses with a soft pannier of looped fullness flung to the back, caught at the nape of the neck or at the waist... entrancing and fraught with coquetry... pictures worth a thousand mots on page 266.... Adorable legs and feet: gaiters to the knee, laced on hooks like ski boots or zipped up the side... black patent leather with lamé... black lace for evening.... At Castillo, round-toed eighteenth-century slippers laced and tied in a small bow—in suit tweeds, or matched to gloves and hat.... Suède Oxfords at Dior, charcoal or black, cut rather high, with two-and-a-quarter-inch stacked heels.... Patent leather pumps, low-heeled, silver-buckled; very snappy with grey ribbed wool stockings, a grey tweed suit.... Brown boots patterned with vivid orange coarse embroidery. Spécialités: quick thrusts of witty detail that add salt to the Paris perfection.... A hood of black monkey fur showing only a monkey's amount of face.... Chinese houseboy caps of bright silk.... A colossal Maltese cross weighting a long string of mothball-pearls—terribly pretty on a long dress of cerise silk.... Black rabbit-skin dressing gown—really a floor-length smoking jacket—lined and faced in ink-blue foulard; sash and trousers of the same foulard.... Jewelled and sequinned hems with a faint jingle; enough jingle tipping some white satin trousers to sound a definite alert if the sheik's favourite leads too merry a chase.... Every mannequin in Paris has a small head: short hair with an amusing jagged shingle up the back, curved round to the tips of ears, with sideburns, and sometimes thick bangs... or hair pulled taut against the skull, pinned in close at the back; the outline of the head is totally revealed.... With this: a postiche—anything from a square-cropped little burro's tail to fantastic loops and coils of lacquered hair stiletto-d with pearl-topped tortoiseshell hairpins.... The yard-long hair of the young French beauties is still at St. Tropez—and glorious. One knows in Paris that the thrill of variety is never lost; it's the essence of France, the lure and excitement of fashion.



PARIS: THE "MONDRIANS" OF SAINT LAURENT



Clean, terse, white jersey rectangles. Mondrian proportions—bold black tapes, blocks of colour laid on like fresh paint.... Bottle the spirit of this collection, label it Y—as in Yves, as in yummy-new-perfume—and Yes, as soft, as charming, as all-out alluring as you'd expect. Wafting this way soon.
Far left: Elongated proportions—black Mondrian tapes and white jersey extended past the hipbone... beige to the hem... one shoulder squared in charcoal. At Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Saint Laurent diamonds of-colour casquette.
Left: Heightened proportions—T of black tapes barred above the bosom... black-ruled hem... Saint Laurent brilliants on the bright red shoulder. Bonwit Teller: Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada.
Right: Proportions blocked out in colour—blue on the shoulder... red through the torso... white skirt... band of yellow hem... Mondrian tapes ruling all. At Joseph Horne; I. Magnin. Both pages, Racine wool jersey dresses.



PENN

PARIS: GEOMETRICS BY RICCI AND SAINT LAURENT



Ricci's curved harlequin checks, *far left:* a long, double-breasted jacket, wraparound hip skirt. Black and white with a black funnel-neck top. Lesur wool.
Left: From Saint Laurent, the young amusing mink—black bands on a belted white vinyl coat. At I. Magnin. Kislav gloves.
Right: The racy Roman stripes of Ricci—red, white, black. Neat double-breasted coat, back-belted, high-fraction length, over a black funnel-neck dress. Striped stole. All, wool jersey by Racine.
Upper right: Black and white checkerboard wool from Ricci—long double-breasted jacket, raglan sleeves, back belt; a wraparound skirt. Funnel-neck blouse. Orange jersey stole. Suit fabric by Lesur.

PARIS: LAROCHE'S GIRAFFE IN THE STREETS OF PARIS



Straight giraffe, black and white, *left*.
A walking-length coat, double-breasted, back vents. Turtleneck top of black jersey, white leather. Giraffe boots by Roger Vivier.
Right: Giraffe coat, russet-brown and white, short stand-up collar. White dress, cap sleeves, a seamed X; of wool and silk crêpe (Staron fabric). Kislav gloves.

PENN



PARIS: DIOR'S SUITS FOR EVERY DAY

PENN



Narrow suit, wide hat, *right:* new Dior proportion in a sable-collared, sable-cuffed suit of bright red . . . belted jacket. Burg tweed. *Near left:* Grey-speckled guinea-hen feathers—most luxurious little blouse with a plain, narrow, back-belted suit of steel-grey tweed . . . wide hat. Lesur tweed. Bonwit Teller. *Far left:* Tweeds with bulk—Dior's other suit proportion in millet and browns. . . . Raglan-sleeved coat over a belted jacket . . . hip-yoke skirt. Cosy with a black mink hood. Suit: Holt Renfrew of Canada. Suits, both pages, also I. Magnin. Kislav gloves.

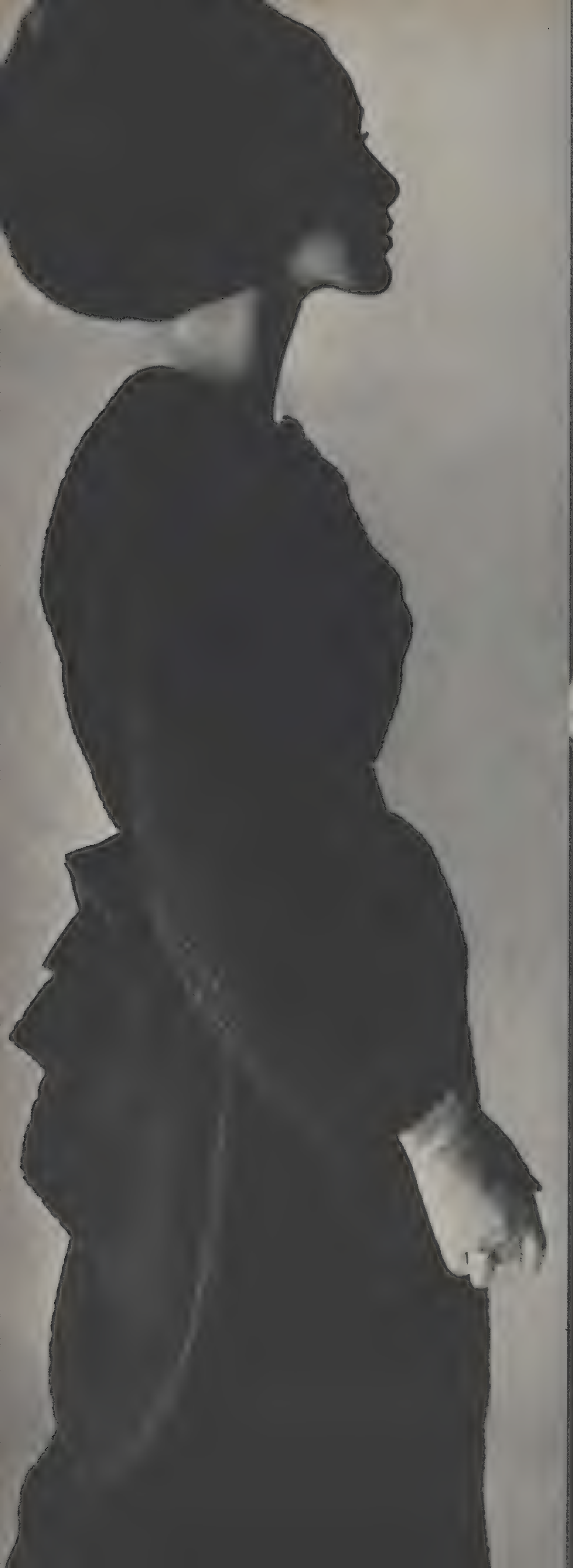


PARIS: THE LITTLE SUITS OF SAINT LAURENT AND CASTILLO



From Saint Laurent,
two little suits supreme.
Far left: The little suit in pale-grey plaited tweed—spare jacket, skirt belted in dark-grey suède, buckle of brilliants. Heathery grey stockings and silver-buckled Puritan pumps of black patent leather. Wool by Gandini. Suit at I. Magnin.
Centre: The small dirndl suit—black-and-white tweed in a soutache pattern. Small, funnelled, double-breasted jacket, banded at the edge. Fabric by Carlotto. Suit at I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. With both suits: Roger Vivier shoes.
Left: Castillo's small, charming suit in brown-and-beige wool plaid ... Double-breasted jacket over a belted dress. With a shiny black silk hat, black silk scarf.
Wool plaid by Daure. Plaid shoes: Mancini. Suit at I. Magnin.
Both pages: gloves by Kislav.

PENN



PARIS: THE LOOPEROOS OF DIOR

Beautiful new backs at Dior: fullness looped and swagged like eighteenth-century panniers, charming in motion . . . plain, covered in front . . . covered arms. *Far left:* Looperoo in black cloqué silk for late-day . . . bloused back, slit to the waist . . . looped pannier skirt, black satin sash. In Staron silk. *Left:* Red-and-gold brocade looperoo . . . ovalled fullness at the back, falls straight to the body in front . . . beige mink edging the long sleeves and hem. Mink cap. Brocade by Bianchini. Gloves, here and far left: Kislav. *Right:* Looperoo bodice of black chiffon, gathered and tied with a big satin bow . . . bare arms seen through chiffon. All three dresses, in America at I. Magnin.

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PARIS: DÉGAGÉ SPLENDOUR BY SAINT LAURENT AND CARDIN



Saint Laurent's sensational black crêpe, *right*, bared at the sides, across the back . . . tricorne point on the midriff, jewelled. High cowl neckline, tied in back. Dress, in Abraham crêpe. In America at I. Magnin. Shoes by Roger Vivier. This coiffure, coifs on the preceding twelve pages, by Alexandre. *Far right:* Feathers flying at Cardin—bias black crêpe with a tricorne hem of black ostrich lifted to the back of the knee . . . bias blouson plunged down the back . . . all swirl and movement. Coiffure by Carita.

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BEAUTY BULLETIN

THE ZAP AND CLANG OF THE NEW LOOKS... WHAT'S DUE FOR A CHANGE AND WHAT ISN'T

New Year's Day of fashion: September 1, official launching day of autumn-winter looks, day on which, therefore, the first of a series of beauty changes begins to come clear. . . . For a moment, it looked as though a number of the oncoming beauty trends were fixed on a collision course. Certain beauty brains held it was time for a change—to grape-red lips, for instance. Others questioned the whole idea of pushing for change just because it *seemed* "time for a change." They continued to like the earthier colours, thought the apricots, peaches, beiges, and pearls had a lot of zap. . . . Now the differences have resolved themselves. No purple people this season. But the beige-based school isn't standing still either. New cosmetics will make a glowing "natural" face still more convincing, still more easily accomplished. Complexion going more delicate, lipstick more zippy. Look more electrifying than ever. . . . Peacemaker of the temporary conflict, this fact: you can not have, in one and the same face, an overpowering mouth and overpowering eyes simultaneously. To strengthen the mouth blindingly means that eyes must yield wattage. No one is ready for that. Not yet. . . . The message, then: Newly-paled face lit with glow. Mouth pale or bright, never "heavy." Eyes carrying the show in one masterful way or another—torchily, or brilliantly fresh and clear. . . . Sponges spreading the unmadeup-makeup message, making a vast difference in how makeup fits the skin. (Such makeup impresarios as Eve of Roma, Evelyn Marshall, and Elizabeth Arden's Pablo have always been strong on sponges. As for DuBarry, see next page.) . . . It *is* time for a change in hair—and hair is changing this way: Many foreheads are coming out from under bangs. The cleared forehead is a new beauty objet. . . . Our little girl is growing up. Long, back-streaming hair still has its place in fashion with certain clothes, certainly. With some of the punchy Pucci looks. With haremy jerseys. With the young everywhere, which, translated, means with above-the-knee skirts. But for lots of clothes, now that summer is over, it's time to get hair organized, and that organization seems to be taking this shape: a thick, strong, determined line with a carved and definite silhouette. And the word at this particular moment is definitely: organize.

INTERESTING THING: NOTHING CAN COMPETE WITH EYE POWER. Eyes are delivering this message as the autumn lights come on: the gaze ought to be captivating. Good deal of the power in the torchy eyes, *right*, defined by three new contouring eye shadows by Estée Lauder. Contour Mocha brushed under the brow; Contour Charcoal close to the eye; Contour Kafé on the lid. Not to compete with, but to amplify the eye power: Estée Lauder's new brush-on Lipstick-In-The-Round; shade New Red. Further message, this from the New York collections: short dinner dress, lace with beaded-lace jacket—from the ready-to-wear collection by Sophie of Saks Fifth Avenue. Charles Elkaim earrings. Star of Siam necklaces. Viola Weinberger gloves.



PENN



BEAUTY *bulletin*

THE HIGHLIGHTS COME ON



INTERESTING THING: THE SPONGE MAKES THE SCENE WITH A MAKEUP IDEA ONCE SAID TO BE "SOMETHING ONLY A MAKEUP ARTIST CAN HANDLE." Sponges. Shadows. Lights. What these add up to is a fact: the you-and-me's of this world seem to be quite capable of handling contour makeup, makeup that toys with the shape of a feature, the "weight" of a face. Capable enough to attract the notice of a number of cosmetics makers, one of whom—DuBarry—has slipped into a single, ventilated and carryable case the following: One basic foundation shade. One darker shade of same to diminish a feature. One lighter shade of same to lift out a shadow or catch a highlight. And one dear little natural silk sponge to make everything blend flawlessly. (You dampen the sponge; hence the case's need for air.) Glissando Contouring Make up, they call it, borrowing the glide from their lipstick and eye makeup of Glissando fame.



INTERESTING THING: NEW FACE POLISH IN A MAKEUP THAT LINKS THE SEASONS.

Until the day skiing, travelling, swimming, and looking young all lose their cool, this makes sense: a makeup under whose tawny chemistry a light bit of suntan is free to come and go; a makeup for all seasons, in other words. New within the makeup is a beiged face polish that puts a tightening glow wherever glow is wanted (it invented every pearly highlight shown here). Called Spotlights, the glow is one of the new accessory cosmetics; comes in a little jar; blends on creamily. The whole look, including Spotlights, is called "Little Ritz Girl" by Charles of the Ritz. New, too, are: the tawny lipstick, bronze-flecked eye shadow, taupe eyeliner....Plumed scarf by Halston, to order; earrings by Joseph Warner. These are at Bergdorf Goodman.



THE PRIVATE JOKES OF FEDERICO FELLINI

BY EUGENE WALTER

The first surprising thing on a set where Fellini is filming is the utter absence of noise and confusion. Perhaps two hundred people—actors, technicians, hangers-on—are going about their duties in complete tranquillity. The other surprise is that one doesn't notice the camera. "Where is it?" one asks, thinking of Hollywood monsters. Then one sees it. It's small, flexible, moves on a portable track, can change position in a flash. Extraordinary creatures move about, each seeming to know exactly his part in the scheme of things. A cripple walks across the set carrying a chicken by the legs: some picturesque character part, one assumes, but no, it's the parking-lot attendant. A young girl in striped frock and apron carries a basket onto the set: assistant prop girl, surely. No. She plays two parts in the film: a maidservant and a martyred saint.

No mistaking the others, though. The Junoesque beauty Caterina Boratto is wearing high-buttoned dove-grey spats and a huge hat of purple plumes, a filigree silver choker on a black ribbon. Valentina Cortese is all ruff, ruching, ruffles—throughout the film she wears the same costume, made up in various stuffs and colours, with a topknot held in place by a daisy. She looks just like one of the Pierrettes in Chéret's 1900 posters or vaudeville curtains. The impish Giulietta Masina is in a mandarin jacket of brocade with tight white pants and pointed white kid shoes. The film, called *Juliet of the Spirits*, is a showcase made to order for her comic-pathetic talents. Her sunshine-and-shower performance is already seen to be definitive, the triumph of her personal style. This new film is the concerto Fellini has always promised his wife. She is the intense, still centre of a vast frieze peopled by unusual talents and unexpected faces; the American actress Anne Francine plays a psychiatrist, the Afro-Cuban singer Wanani, known as "The Gazelle," sings an Oriental chant dressed in three crystal pendants and a lovely smile; seventeen nationalities are listed for the cast.

In real life, Giulietta and Federico Fellini live in a villa at Fregene, feed some thirty-odd cats in their garden, have a maid called Fortunata, entertain hordes of people, and are interested in games of charades and in spiritualism. In the film, Giulietta lives in a (larger) villa at Fregene, feeds a dozen (stuffed) cats in her (larger) garden, has two maids (both called Fortunata), entertains hordes of people who improvise psychodramas in her garden, and is involved in a vivid world of vision, dream, memory, hallucination. Aha! say the know-it-alls, it's autobiographical, like *8½*. But *8½* wasn't autobiographical and neither is *Juliet of the Spirits*. Both illustrate Fellini's passion for snatching up some bit of daily life as a point of departure for his vast private mythology. His films are autobiographical only in the sense that *King Lear* and *Krazy Kat* are. In the new film his reiterated themes are apparent: the differences between what people think, what they say, and what they do; the search for a small island of peace or silence amidst the unheeding hurly-burly of life today.

Fellini loves the quiet centre, but he loves equally the hurly-burly, and lovingly he composes it. Unfinished or interrupted conversation, non sequiturs, tracking shots that are seven or eight little scenes in hectic proximity. Always the furthest background and corner-of-the-eye is composed as carefully as the foreground of his frieze.

"More dewdrops," he shouts over a microphone, "on that hedge off there!"

In a sense Fellini is the last of the great nineteenth-century novelists. His is a peopled world. One is reminded of Dickens or Turgenev rather than of any Italian antecedent. Bruegel is his ancestor, too. He keeps reminding us, moreover, that the movies have given us a new vision of the world and a new set of humours. This new film, particularly, is a mad amalgamation of nostalgia for the cinematic myths of Mae West-Garbo-Dietrich-Keaton-Marx Brothers and a sharp and satirical sense of *now*.

Fellini thinks that no one has really seen *La Dolce Vita*. (Continued on page 282)

LEOMBRUNO-BODI

FERRILL AMACKER

JOHN PHILLIPS

LEFT: THE GREAT SPINNER OF DREAM FILMS, FEDERICO FELLINI, AND, *RIGHT*, THE AUTHOR, EUGENE WALTER, SURROUNDED BY PHOTOGRAPHS OF CATERINA BORATTO (IN A BIG HAT), VALENTINA CORTESE (WITH DAISIES IN HER HAIR), AND, *TOP*, FELLINI'S WIFE, GIULIETTA MASINA, THE EXTRAORDINARY STAR OF THE NEW MOVIE *JULIET OF THE SPIRITS*.



George London, the great American bass-baritone, lives in an airy apartment high above New York City with his wife, Nora, their children, and a kinetic wire-haired dachshund named Zorro. Mrs. London has a crown of thick blond curls, a charming smile, a voice that trills. Mr. London has an open mobile face and a voice that reverberates in conversation as it does on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera. Sitting side by side in a cheerful velvety living room where the colours are mostly blue, red, and white, the Londons answered my questions about food with a duet.

Mr. London: "My wife does the cooking, I do the suggesting and stick my nose in the pots. Her parents were Russian, so many of our best dishes are Russian . . . *koulibiac* . . . *boeuf stroganoff*. . . . Generally speaking my eating habits are simple; I can not afford to experiment with fancy food while I am working. As a result, whenever I go to Paris, in two days I completely ruin my stomach."

Mrs. London: "There, he eats three meals a day! We go to Lapérouse, Ramponneau, and always to Le Cabaret where they have desserts that are wonders. There is a hot *tarte aux pommes* with a *pâte feuilletée* I have never tasted elsewhere. . . ."

Mr. London: "Like butterfly wings . . . it's diaphanous. There used to be a theory, which is passé now, that singers need to be stout to sing. It's not true. They have to be in strong physical condition, but fat doesn't help anything or anybody. Still, I can sin more than most. Each time I sing Boris Godunov I take off at least five pounds. I use up so much nervous energy, I feel terrible before the performance, during the performance, and after the performance."

Mrs. London: "He is the only artist who goes to the opera house with his *pique-nique* to eat between the acts."

Mr. London: "In *Don Giovanni* I have no need of picnics. There is a full dinner right on stage. The quality depends on how much the stagehands care about food. They get what's left. At the Metropolitan, they do a superb meal of which I nibble only a little bit, because I can't stuff my face with food while I have to sing every two seconds. But I do eat, it gives a good impression; others of my colleagues fake eating and it's not the same effect. The minute the scene is finished, the food on the table is swept off . . . and then you see the stagehands walking around with chicken legs and drinking wine. . . ."

Mrs. London: "Offstage his favourite food is caviar."

Mr. London: "In Russia, I had caviar up to my ears. I never get sick of it. It is best just plain, but in the Walterspiel Restaurant of the Vier Jahreszeiten Hotel, in Munich, they give you a smoked trout, boned, stuffed with caviar, and served with horseradish sauce . . . a fantastic combination! As a main course, I like a very famous dish they serve at the Sacher Hotel in Vienna called *Tafelspitz*, a kind of boiled beef but done in a very special way. Superb. I love the fat white asparagus they have in Belgium—but what I loathe is Brussels sprouts!"

Mrs. London: "Our children are privileged. They don't even know Brussels sprouts exist!"

Mr. London: "We take the children with us wherever we go and it must be said that they have very expensive tastes. When I am enjoying a superb Scotch salmon, which is the best in the world, lean, not fatty . . . for which I have just pawned some jewellery . . . my son comes over and he drools, and he looks . . . and I know what that means!"

(Continued next page)



PENN

NORA AND GEORGE
LONDON
A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD
BY NINETTE LYON

The first fame of George London is as an opera star with a powerful bass-baritone, a singer who can act, whose diction is as crisp as his tone is rich; among his rôles, Don Giovanni, Mephistopheles, Boris Godunov. (The first fame of Nora London is as a delightful woman, an opera wife who never backstage drives.) A towering, witty, well fed man, London, who was born in Montreal and grew up in California, came to fame in Vienna in 1949 when he sang Amonasro in Aïda, *a part he had neither rehearsed nor played before. Afterwards a hard-shell Viennese critic wrote, "This voice is capable of restoring one's health." Now a star of the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York, London has sung all over the world. Recently he sang all three Wotans in* The Ring of the Nibelungs *at Bayreuth, was the first American to sing Boris Godunov in Russian in Russia. His next big step: the male lead in* Anya, *a musical comedy based on the play* Anastasia *with themes by Rachmaninov. Secret desires? "None," said George London,* left, *with Mrs. London in their New York apartment. "Boris with the Bolshoi, the Don in Vienna, Wotan in Bavaria, and now Broadway. Should I be greedy for more?"*

Mrs. London: "When I make spaghetti, the children must have a good sauce and fresh grated parmesan . . . not the kind you buy in jars. They also are very particular about the bread they want. . . ."

Mr. London: "We like the good rye bread you get in the delicatessen, the so-called Jewish rye. . . . Desserts? I adore desserts, particularly in Vienna. *Apfelstrudel, Anna Torte* . . . that divine chocolate thing with a very fluffy frosting and pieces of real chocolate. . . ."

Mrs. London: "When we go to Vienna, all his fans start baking. . . ."

Mr. London: "We arrive at the Imperial Hotel, I go to my room and there, waiting for me, are bouquets of flowers and packages of *Apfelstrudel.* But I must tell you another side to my food adventures in Vienna—a less fragrant side. Garlic. I'm cautious about it. Not all of my colleagues are. When I first went to Vienna, the Opera House had been bombed and we played in a charming little place called the Theater an der Wien, where Beethoven worked; the first *Fidelio* was given there. They had a canteen for the staff and the artists, and a marvellous cook. Some of the women singers, extremely lovely, would go down during the intermission and knock off some salami sandwiches or a dish heavy with garlic. Then came the love scene. Oooooiyou. . . ."

Here, three recipes from the London collection:

The George Londons' Koulibiac:

This Russian entrée is served at the Londons' when they have friends coming to their house after the performance. For these occasions a *buffet froid* is served, with one or two hot dishes. This one is their favourite.

Koulibiac can have various shapes, but Mrs. London likes to make it oblong and not too high so it is easy to cut and serve.

The Koulibiac Pastry:
1 egg yolk
½ pound butter
About ⅓ cup water
2½ cups flour
Salt
A pinch of sugar

Mrs. London explains: "Russians always put a little sugar in whatever they make. They believe it would not turn out well otherwise."

Work all the ingredients together, adding water a little at a time, working quickly until smooth and pliable. Let pastry rest in refrigerator if possible for 24 hours.

The Koulibiac Stuffing:
1 pound ground beef
½ cup finely sliced mushrooms
⅛ pound butter
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 hard-boiled eggs, coarsely chopped
1 egg, raw
Salt and pepper

Sauté in butter, separately, the meat and the mushrooms. Pass the meat for a second time through the chopper. Mix all ingredients and bind them with the egg.

Roll the pastry into a rectangle and place it on a towel. Arrange the stuffing in the middle, wrap the *koulibiac* up and turn it over on an oiled baking tray. (This is done in order to hide the seam.) Bake in moderate oven for 30 to 35 minutes—until nicely golden.

Boeuf Stroganoff for six

3 pounds fillet of beef
¼ pound butter
1 to 3 onions (according to taste)
Salt and pepper
½ cup sliced mushrooms
1 cup heavy cream

Cut the meat in long strips—about ½-inch thick and 3 inches long. Sauté it in butter, add chopped onions, and cook until the meat is brown. Add mushrooms and go on cooking until vegetables are tender but not dry. Season to taste. Add cream. When quite hot, serve.

Seed Raspberry Meringue

4 packages frozen raspberries in syrup
10 meringues
2 cups heavy cream
Sugar to taste
3 tablespoons raspberry syrup
⅓ cup Grand Marnier or rum

Drain the raspberries. Crumble meringue but not too much and reserve 2 tablespoons. Mix the rest with cream whipped with sugar, 3 tablespoons syrup, raspberries, and preferred liquor. Oil a mould, line the top with the reserved meringue (this will help unmould the dessert), fill it with the mixture, and put into freezer. This can be served with remaining raspberry syrup, flavoured with Grand Marnier or rum.



LEFT TO RIGHT: ALEXANDRA, COLONIAL THEME, ELOQUENCE, LACE POINT AND MIGNONETTE

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The small fur coat . . . ivory hair seal, miniature cape





The narrow dress . . . pale grey on the bias . . . tiny cap sleeves

Ivory hair seal, right, for a narrow little ribbon of coat with a tiny cape front and back . . . double-breasted . . . long slender sleeves. Worn here with a beige Persian lamb cap. Coat by Betty Yokova for Neustadter. Of bleached Norwegian hair seal. At Erlebacher; N. H. Rosenthal. On the bias, left, pale-grey wool crêpe for day. Narrow funnel-necked dress with tiny cap sleeves . . . a half-belt buttoned at the waist. Worn with a dome of bogus topazes high on the shoulder . . . head wrapped up in white leather. Dress by Gerard Pipart for Nina Ricci-New York. About $145. Robert Originals pin. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Adolfo hats. Kayser gloves.

Ivy Compton-Burnett

(Continued from page 252)

committed, within the web of family, committed without spectacle and are the result of the accumulation of crime. Minds become accustomed to it, as bodies will accept carefully administered poison over a long time. The formal stylized dialogue contains raw hurts, accusations, revelations of wrongs done and hurt inflicted, and it is because her characters speak so graciously, gracefully that the shock of terror is the greater. Those cool sentences contain hot barbs, and through the dialogue one can almost see the sliding, terrified, smiling eyes, the clenched hand with white knuckles, the almost concealed wince as the whip of the tongue lashes. Without evoking atmosphere or describing physical reactions, Ivy Compton-Burnett can convey them. She is a writer with consummate mastery of her characters and their dialogue.

Listen to the autocratic, tyrannical and indeed randy Duncan Edgeworth, the central figure in *A House and its Head* talking to his nephew at the family breakfast on Christmas Day, 1885. " 'Grant,' he said, as though the matter had scarcely engaged him, 'there is something to be said between us. . . . Am I to believe it was you, who chose to make an exhibition of yourself with a maid-servant behind the house?' " And Grant makes his own artless, disarming defense some hours later, obliquely, as the family congregate after morning service outside the church. " 'Did you observe with what boyish dignity I handed the plate?' said Grant. 'And I put in my own contribution last, when most men put it in first. Because who am I, but a youth who is not all bad?' " Her characters are not all bad. They are just horribly human.

Her books have sometimes been called melodramas. Miss Compton-Burnett says, "There are violent incidents of course, but there always must be; I don't think I'm melodramatic. I do think of myself as a comic writer. Not primarily, nor is it the most important thing, but I'm glad you laughed. I've always had a good sense of humour and laugh easily. My characters do rather float about in space, but the family is always there. Fundamental family relationships never change.

"I have observed life and exaggerated it to make a book. I imagine a lot of writers would. It would be nice to write about breakfast-table conversation all the time but that wouldn't make a novel. Something must happen and in my novels it has to happen through talk. If you write as much in dialogue as I do, you must occasionally let action take over; and when dialogue has to carry the story, characters say things that serve their purpose and allow things to happen.

"The way my people talk is a little bit stylized but everyone did use to talk far more formally, and with more style. People are far more familiar nowadays —I have met people who didn't seem to have a surname, but that's just a change in fashion, in that people get more intimate much more easily, much more quickly."

She certainly wouldn't encourage instant intimacy. Private lives are private with her; her background and personal experiences are hers, and she intends that they should stay that way. Talking with her one gets the impression of great suffering met with indomitable courage. Her impeccable manners are her barrier against probes. The cult of personality is anathema to her; she accepts herself, and she accepts people, and she has no concern with cries for acclaim. She has no disillusions because she had no illusions; she has the charity of the generous.

Occasionally in her beautiful, accented voice she transports people to her childhood and emphasizes the lostness of an age. "I remember when I was very tiny and very young driving across the sands at Clacton with my governess in a donkey cart. One wouldn't see that now. I was brought up to be completely helpless, to ring the bell if I wanted anything. If our parents had known what would happen,

(Continued on page 282)

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Ivy Compton-Burnett

(Continued from page 281)

perhaps they would have done it differently. But I expect they wouldn't have believed it. . . . But I wouldn't say that I am nostalgic. A great many things have improved and there is more freedom for young people. But no one seems to be able to stand power. When parents had it, they misused it; now the children have it, they can't use it."

Born in London, she has lived there for many years. When her great friend Margaret Jourdain was alive, they travelled a lot. "We used to visit art galleries, old houses, that sort of thing, but now she is dead I go to stay with friends in the country. The trouble is that there is always some sort of domestic crisis going on."

Educated with her brothers when young, she then went to London University where she took a degree in classics. "I was rather clever at school—I wasn't very hardworking, but that was one's type, you know—my parents and brothers were the same—rather bookish. I was taught Greek as a child with my brothers, but people don't seem to read classics any more—you don't even have to have Latin to get in college any more."

So unassuming is she about her writing that many of her friends forget that she is a writer. "I do have a lot of literary friends, of course, but many aren't. I met Virginia Woolf, T. S. Eliot, but I never really knew them. I certainly was never a member of a 'group.' I had always thought that I should write but, apart from some juvenilia, I started to write very, very late. My brother was killed at the Somme, another one died at Cambridge, then my mother died and I was at the head of things. I became ill, but my health came back to me and since I had the urge to write, I did.

"I write at my leisure, not at all systematically. I have begun another book but I'm going at it very slowly—one is getting old and I have written a great many books and it takes a great deal of production, but I expect it will be finished sometime. I think I enjoy writing, forcing it to some kind of end—so many people write as if they had to. One could never write as though someone were dictating, of course, but I've never had the agonies some people had. I've found it rather suitable—if writing had cost me agony, I shouldn't have written—I wouldn't be fond of agony. I didn't have to write, you see, and that was a great help. But although I could have been happy without writing, I couldn't have been so happy. One is satisfied to have done it and it makes a thread in one's life.

"It's better, when one writes, to start out with a story line. Of course, it may change under one's hand; sometimes I start with characters, and things happen as I write. One does have more sympathy with some characters just as one does have more sympathy with some characters in life, but I don't agree with those who say that you have to have a character who carries your sympathy right through. That doesn't matter to the merit of a book."

Her books have tightly knit plots and subplots. In all of them are the germs of many other books. This extravagant condensation doesn't worry her. "If you allow enough time between each novel, an idea comes—the beginnings of another novel. But people blow up books too much. The number of words in a book doesn't make any difference at all. When you have written a book, you should leave it alone. They make plays out of some of my novels and I let them. I reread my books sometimes when people do want to do something with them, and for the first few chapters it's as though someone else had written them, but soon you are sucked in."

She deplores the current trend for unmasking, for leaving nothing unsaid. Not only because, as she so trenchantly said, "The number of words in a book doesn't matter," but also because "reticence in certain things has gone through all history in all aspects. This is bound to assert itself again. People will get tired of the breach of it. It is rather childish—and the point of breach surely is that it *is* a breach. That has now passed off—and so the whole thing will pass off."

Her reticence is one of the most admirable things about her. She is one of our greatest writers but most people would not recognize her, and not many more will have read all her work. This is their loss. Her discipline is, perhaps, the most outstanding thing about her, that and her refusal to accept any standards but her own very high ones. She makes current standards seem shoddy.

The Private Jokes of Federico Fellini

(Continued from page 275)

That is, he feels that it was so publicized, so predigested and predissected in the press that no one actually saw it as he intended.

For his films made since, the script is a secret even from the actors. Journalists and photographers are carefully screened before being allowed on the set. Photographs are forbidden save under special circumstances.

There are layers and layers. There are private jokes beneath and behind the films. In *8½* all the servants and employees in the luxury hotel were from aristocratic families of the *Almanach de Gotha;* the guests were all people from the Rome asylum for the aged. (They were given new hearing aids, new teeth, or spectacles as needed; were permitted to take their finery home with them when work on the film was completed.) In the new film, Waleska Gert plays a man, and forty nuns are played by young boys recruited from the beach at Fregene.

"They walk more like nuns than nuns do," explained Fellini cryptically.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

The fly-front coat . . .
Anything Goes checks



Black-and-white checks vibrating everywhere on a shiny vinyl Anything Goes Coat; fly-front closing on the side. It skims slick as a whistle from a tiny flat collar and narrow shoulders—widens a bit beneath a slightly shaped waist. Worn, here, with a little black Persian lamb cap. Coat by Modelia, Cohn-Hall-Marx fabric. About $65. Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Hovland-Swanson. Amrose cap.



The minaudiere, gala carryall in beaded golden metal, silverplate or black enamel mesh. Coronet clasp set with rhinestones. About $20. To be found at Bonwit Teller, New York & branches; Harzfeld's, Kansas City & branches; J. Magnin, California and Nevada, all stores; and other fine stores, or write to The Whiting & Davis Company, Plainville, Massachusetts 02762.

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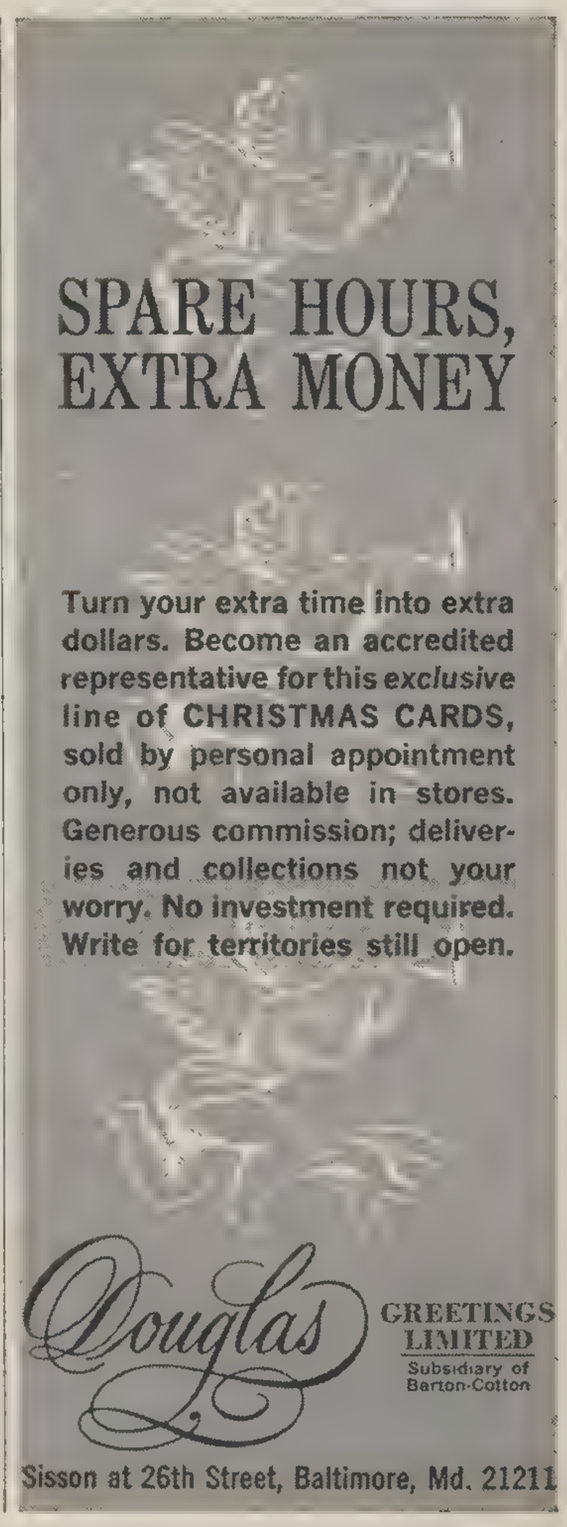
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THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

Belted-jacket suit, left, in smooth bronze wool, shaped close and small with a yoke across the top . . . long cuffed sleeves. It's gently held at the waist with a soft leather bow over a matching blouse, easy gathered skirt. Terrific with a giant cluster of rhinestones and blue enamel high on one shoulder, milky bogus pearls at the neck. Suit by George Carmel. $200. Lord & Taylor. Mimi di N pin. Amrose hat. Reversible coat, right, olive green flipping to a bold plaid of green, russet, pale blue . . . turned out over a long double-breasted jacket in matching plaid. With a narrow one-piece dress underneath: pale-blue top, plaid skirt. Costume by Gerard Pipart for Nina Ricci-New York. Of wool by Royal Woolens. At Lord & Taylor; Bon Marché, Seattle. Pale-blue velours roller by Adolfo.



Bronze-brown suit . . . belted jacket



Reversible turnout . . . olive green plus plaid

Lingerie with a camisole clause

Blouse-slip for the short hip skirt



Sleeveless ivory blouse—its wide V neck crisply ruffled—carrying on as a slip from long waist to scalloped hem. It's on show, here, soft and easy above a low-slung mini-skirt—ending the problem of the blouse that rides high when it's supposed to stay firmly stashed. We've tucked a bright splash of scarf into the neck. Blouse-slip by Olga, in tricot of Du Pont nylon (the blouse has a crêpe finish). About $10. At Bloomingdale's; Harzfeld's; The Emporium. Echo scarf.

KASPER FOR JOAN LESLIE

In camel and gray only, sizes 6-16, about $110.



The all wool suit, page 71

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Ridgewood, New Jersey . . . . . Jenny Banta
Rochester, N. Y. . . Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
San Francisco, California . Joseph Magnin
Seattle, Washington . . John Doyle Bishop
Stamford, Connecticut . . . . . Ethel Allen
St. Louis, Missouri . . Stix Baer and Fuller
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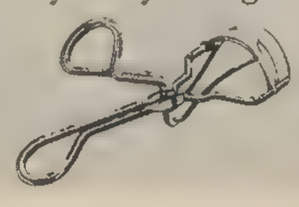
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The wide-skirted coat . . . stone-grey wool, belted in back

The shaped coat . . . bright splash of orange, wide at the hem



Bright orange wool, left, shaped into a small, trim double-breasted coat with a little rolled collar . . . a skirt that widens at the hem. Worn with a pale mink cap . . . a twist of the same mink at the neck. Coat by Marquise. Of Anglo wool doeskin. $250. Lord & Taylor. Emme hat. Stone-grey diagonal wool, right, double-breasted coat, small all the way from rolled collar and slender sleeves to a fling of back-belted skirt. Closed with plump jet buttons. Worn with a brown kid turban crushed on the head. Seymour Fox coat, of Agnona wool. Bergère earrings. All: Bonwit Teller. Coat, also at Hutzler's. Sally Gee scarf. Kayser gloves. Adolfo hat.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

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the suit militaire on page 53



SHANNON RODGERS FOR JERRY SILVERMAN

The suit militaire: high-ranking buttons, a march of pleats, strictly tailored of navy-blue monk's cloth wool. The bowed blouse of navy-and-red silk. Sizes 6 to 16. About $160.00 (slightly higher on the west coast). Hat by Halston.

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Inkfish and shark kabob

The sun and seafood of the Aegean

By Francine du Plessix Gray

I

The first memorable meal I had in Greece was in a tiny seaside settlement some fifteen miles south of Mycenae. We had spent a hot and dusty morning climbing the citadel which surmounts the Lions' Gate. As we stood under the portal we could see below us the entrances to what are thought to be the tombs of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra and, in the distance, Mount Argos from whose peaks fires had announced the fall of Troy.

In Mycenae, the Greek touristic genius does all it can to fire the traveller's imagination: the only hostelry of the town is called La Belle Hélène and is run by a man named Orestes; it faces the Iphigenia Gift Shop. We drove seawards for lunch to cool our dusty bodies and our heated minds. But it was only to sit at the table of a friendly *taverna* keeper called Agamemnon, who informed us that Clytemnestra was the one classical name not used at christenings in his region.

Taking us into his kitchen, where sea bass, mullets, eels, and soles lay neatly aligned on beds of freshly crushed ice, Agamemnon introduced us to the secret of good eating on the Aegean. In any seaside restaurant, examine, fondle, and praise the fish; tell your host, in so many gestures, whether you prefer it fried, boiled, baked, or grilled. The more fastidiously you examine the brightness of the fish's eye, the more respectfully prepared the meal will be.

Greek cuisine is essentially that of a seafaring nation, thriving on the extraordinary variety and delicacy of the sea creatures caught in the Aegean. Agamemnon apologized for the bass which had been caught that morning, and praised the "barbouni," or red mullet, which had come in one hour before. After we had picked our fish, our host weighed it and followed the pleasant Greek custom of jotting down the price of our meal, in advance, on a piece of paper. He then waved us off to go for a swim on his beach while he prepared our lunch.

A half hour later, we sat down under the scrubbed, starched awning of his terrace, facing a viridian-coloured bay in which women bathed fully clothed in their calico dresses, shielding their heads from the sun with newspapers. We started with *salata melitzanas,* the appetizer of crushed eggplant which I continued to ask for at most of my meals in Greece. The red mullet, which is rightly considered the élite of Greek fishes, was grilled according to our specifications and flavoured with thyme and fennel. It was accompanied by the classical salad of tomatoes, cucumbers, black olives, and feta cheese, doused with the world's most delicious olive oil, and washed down with a fine local wine called Sang d'Hercule.

As we left, Agamemnon and his smiling wife, whose name was probably Electra, thrust into our hands bouquets of zinnias, carnations, mint, and basil from their garden. Their gesture was not unique—a foreigner may walk through Greece clutching bouquets offered by hospitable innkeepers, taxi drivers, museum guardians, farmers' children—nor was the excellence of their restaurant.

II

A few days after leaving Mycenae, we boarded the boat of Greek friends for a tour of the Cyclades, and I met my guide to Greek gastronomy, a rotund Cordon Bleu graduate named Michel Frantzis. Although he has been chef for decades in such spacious institutions as the American Embassy in Athens and the houses of Greek prime ministers, Michel cooked happily in the hot and crowded galley of a sailboat; like all good chefs, he enjoyed a captive audience.

"What might give you most pleasure today?" Michel asked every morning, smiling at us over the breakfast table after panting up the steep steps from his galley. With some regret for his famous *glace plombière,* which he never succeeded in showing off, he welcomed my plea for native dishes. He also welcomed, with a generosity more typical of Greeks than of chefs, my daily visits to his kitchen.

We lunched that first morning aboard the "Vagrant" in a cobalt bay off the island of Kea, at the northwest corner of the Cyclades. Like most of the Cyclades, Kea is an austere and arid island, dun and monastic in hue, with grandiose hills dotted with a sparse vegetation of purple thistles, thyme and rosemary, yellow broom and scrubby hollyhocks. That day the feast of a local saint had called hundreds of worshippers to ride to one of the numerous island churches which once a year honour their patron saints.

Starched, scrubbed children, their clothes as salt-white as the church, flocked like doves around the building. Some three hundred mules, garlanded with paper flowers, trimmed and festooned like village brides, their saddles covered with dazzling patchworks of vivid cloths, formed a ribbon of colour on the parched hillside.

I had swum to shore and back and found the Aegean waters and their brisk trade winds

cool. Michel's hot *tiropeta*, or cheese pie, was most welcome as a first course. It was followed by grilled crawfish caught that morning, a salad of yogurt and grated cucumbers, and a bottle of Naussa, the best of the white Greek wines. Our favourite red wine was called Chevalier de Rhodes.

Respect for Michel's talents prohibited travelling during a meal. The motors of the "Vagrant" always started whirring during our after-lunch coffee, and the direction that day was towards the islands of Kythnos and Melos.

III

Some mornings later, off the beautiful island of Melos where the Venus of the Louvre was unearthed some hundred and forty-five years ago, we rose before dawn to go fishing with our host. Most of the fishing in the Aegean is done by net-dragging. The nets are laid down in the late afternoon, trolled for a distance of three or four miles, and pulled up early the following morning onto large black metal reels. An intimate knowledge of Aegean bathymetry, of the temperature and currents of local waters, and of the habits of various species can make net fishing as tactical and adroit a sport as salmon catching in northern streams.

From six to ten A.M., on one of the three fishing boats that accompany the "Vagrant" on its voyages, we sat mesmerized by the sumptuous mounds of silvery bass, vermilion mullets, flame-coloured parrot fish, scarlet crawfish, milky soles, flat white ray fish, bristling urchins, purple octopus, placid fiddlerfish, treacherous young sharks, moray eels, and dragonfish which the men pulled into their ochre net. As the net whirred onto the boat, our host launched into a passionate monologue about island traditions and folklore:

"The best cooks in Greece come from Siphnos. . . . The best dancers, from Kythnos. . . . The biggest storytellers are the Cretans. . . . The palest islanders are from Rhodes. . . . The best wet nurses come from Paros. . . . The best pistachios come from Aegina. . . . The best olive oil, from Skyros. . . . The richest, toughest islanders come from Naxos. . . . The best beaches in Greece are in Skiathos. . . . Our most beautiful island is Samothrace. . . . The best fishermen are the Peloponnesians. . . . Clench your teeth together and you will not feel the sting of the electric ray fish. . . . Swim in water under six fathoms deep and you need have no fear of sharks. . . ."

This travelogue was interrupted by one of the sailors bringing us a plate of *kalamaria me krasí*, young squid or inkfish, fresh from the morning's net, simmered in olive oil, lemon, and red wine, a delicacy eaten around the clock in all island cafés. I had three helpings of this ancient and venerated animal, which decorates so many vases made in the Aegean four thousand years ago. With the squid went brown bread, retsina, fresh tomatoes sprinkled with much basil, and grainy, syrupy Turkish coffee. That is my idea of a memorable lunch.

IV

A few days later, we lunched with an Athenian businessman who had transformed a small cove on his island into a luxurious private beach. American twist tunes, piped from a jukebox, blared out from loudspeakers hidden in the branches of fig and jasmine trees. Vibromassage machines and automatic step-on showers had been installed under the pink oleander bushes that lined the implausibly white and flour-fine sand.

Two peeling, irritable British governesses hovered in the shade of flowered umbrellas. The latest F.A.O. Schwarz models of rubber rafts and surfboards, water-skis, and snorkles, lay neatly stacked under the violet rocks that surmounted the cove. On the driveway above the beach a fleet of candy-coloured convertibles dotted the landscape like the cars of a toy roller coaster. Liveried butlers stood at military attention in front of the cabaña, their white-gloved hands clasped behind their backs, waiting for their orders to serve lunch.

At a table set with Georgian silver and Baccarat glass, we were served lobster in caviar aspic, a French wine that had not travelled well, and an ostentatious *bombe glacée* ornamented with yards of spun sugar. The only concession to native cooking was a dish of zucchini stuffed with veal in an egg-and-lemon sauce, a fine Greek recipe, which Michel later taught me to improve upon.

Talk began with the subject of sharks in the Aegean, as standard a way of opening a conversation in Greece as weather is in England. "Vastly exaggerated by the newspapers, this danger of sharks," our luncheon host grumbled. "There are only two cases of shark accidents recorded in the past ten years and they are not well accredited."

"Then you do swim in water over six fathoms deep?" I asked.

"I would not think of it!" he exclaimed.

V

After this conversation I felt a sense of divine retribution, a few days later, when we had a shish kabob of white shark for lunch. The swift and vicious animal, whom I would have imagined to be all muscle and predatory dentures, turns out to have surprisingly tender, sweet, and buttery meat. We lunched off the shore of Naxos, where Theseus abandoned Ariadne, and the smell of thyme and rosemary bushes came to us from a beach of golden sand. Michel's shark, marinated in oil and those very same herbs, was accompanied by a succulent dish of stuffed eggplant called *imam baildi*, literally translated from Turkish, "the priest swooned."

According to tradition, the priest who was the first to taste the dish ate so much of it that he passed out. It was about the only thing left for us to do after dessert, a melon ice made from some of the superb melons which one finds everywhere throughout Greece in summer.

VI

My last lunch on the Aegean, a few days after I had left the "Vagrant," was in a totally unrecommendable restaurant on the

(Continued on page 290)



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Inkfish and shark kabob

(Continued from page 289)

island of Crete, a few miles from the ruins of Phaestos. There was no fish to be had that day because of a recent storm. The *moussaka*, the eggplant floating in heavy oil, the leathery lamb stew would have repelled the most ardent Grecophile.

But I still can not admit to having had one bad meal on the Aegean, for a savoury lunch is possible in the worst of Greek conditions. The recipe: eat nothing cooked.

I feasted on feta cheese, a number of raw vegetables, bread, King Minos wine, and yogurt. These staples of the Greek diet, of Homeric antiquity, are grown and fastidiously prepared in the simplest mainland or seaside establishments. Tomatoes, cucumbers, peppers, olives, and the crusty bread of stone-ground flour are all unsurpassable throughout Greece.

The wine is usually excellent, particularly if it is available in pitchers and if one learns to mouth the phrase, "krasí okhí retsinato, parakaló," (*un*resinated wine, please). The yogurt made daily in every Greek household, doused with a little Hymitos-Attiki honey, makes a sumptuous dessert. The tangy feta is made of goat's milk, on which Zeus is said to have been raised.

Seven Greek Recipes

given by Chef Michel Frantzis

EGGPLANT APPETIZER
(Salata Melitzanas)
for six

1 large eggplant
1 small onion, finely grated
1 clove garlic, mashed
¼ cup bread crumbs
1 teaspoon each chopped parsley and mint
½ teaspoon orégano
½ teaspoon dry mustard
Salt and pepper
½ cup olive oil
1 tablespoon each wine vinegar and lemon juice

Put eggplant into a 350° oven for about 1 hour, or until the skin is wrinkled and the surface is soft. Allow to cool a little, scoop out the flesh and mash through a sieve. Add all other ingredients except oil, vinegar, and lemon juice. Work in olive oil and vinegar carefully and quickly with a wooden spoon, as if making mayonnaise, and add lemon juice last. Chill and serve on bed of lettuce leaves.

CHEESE PIE
(Tiropeta)
for six

8 leaves of *filo* (strudel-like pastry sheets available at Greek stores)
4 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
2½ cups milk
4 eggs, well beaten
1 pound feta (goat cheese), mashed with a fork
3 tablespoons grated Parmesan
Pepper, nutmeg
1 cup (approximately) olive oil

Make a white sauce with the butter, the flour, and the milk. Add the eggs and the feta cheese, season to taste with pepper and nutmeg. Smooth four of the pastry sheets into a 10 x 14 oiled baking tin or rectangular Pyrex dish, brushing each sheet with olive oil. Pour in the cheese filling and cover with the four other sheets, brushing each again with olive oil. Score the top into squares with a sharp knife and bake in a 375° oven for 1 hour, or until golden and crisp.

INKFISH IN RED WINE
(Kalamaria Me Krasí)
for six

2 pounds medium-size inkfish
½ cup olive oil
2 tablespoons lemon juice
3 ounces red wine
1 teaspoon sugar
Parsley, chopped

Inkfish, which is, technically, baby squid, can be bought for

(Continued on page 293)

Double-breasted black wool suit, left, with a long, lean jacket to the hips, small rolled collar, long, slender sleeves. Edged almost everywhere with black grosgrain and worn with a cuffed white Persian lamb cap. Suit by Frank Gallant. About $185. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Hat by Lilly Daché. Black wool crêpe suit, right, with wide notched lapels covered in black Persian lamb, closed with a Persian lamb-buttoned tab. Underneath: its own easy two-piece dress . . . brilliants at the neck . . . black Persian lamb cap on the head. Seymour Fox suit. At Bonwit Teller. Emme cap.

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Inkfish and shark kabob

(Continued from page 290)

about thirty-five cents a pound in most fish stores in the coastal United States. Put the inkfish into a wide, heavy-bottomed pan with 2 tablespoons of the olive oil over a low fire, shaking the pan gently from time to time until the juices have run out and evaporated. Add the rest of the olive oil, red wine, lemon juice, sugar, and ¼ cup water. Cook until tender, sprinkle with parsley and leave to cool in the pan. Serve as appetizer or as first course, cooled but not chilled.

SHISH KABOB OF FISH
(Souvlakia)
for four

2 pounds of white shark, cod, swordfish, or halibut
1 cup olive oil
Juice of 1 lemon
2 bay leaves
½ teaspoon each dried orégano, rosemary, and thyme
3 medium onions, sliced ½ inch thick
3 tomatoes, sliced
½ teaspoon each salt and pepper

Cut fish into cubes 1½ inches thick and marinate in a bowl for 1 hour with herbs, olive oil, lemon juice, bay leaf, salt, and pepper. Meanwhile, gently sauté onion slices in olive oil for about 4 minutes on each side, until slightly softened. On large metal skewers alternate fish cubes, onion, and tomato slices. Broil under hot flame, about 5 inches from fire, for 7 minutes, brushing as frequently as possible with marinade left in bowl. Turn over and broil 5 minutes more on other side, brushing with marinade.

ZUCCHINI STUFFED WITH LAMB
IN AVGOLEMONO SAUCE
for four

8 medium to large sized zucchini (as straight as possible)
1 pound ground lamb
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 onion, grated
2 teaspoons dried mint
4 tablespoons chopped parsley
Thyme and rosemary
Salt and pepper
1 egg yolk
1 tablespoon Carolina rice
1 carrot
1 onion studded with clove
2 cups (approximately) consommé
Sauce:
½ cup water
Juice of two lemons
3 teaspoons cornstarch
2 egg yolks

Sauté grated onion in olive oil until golden. Add lamb, herbs, and seasonings and simmer a few minutes until heated through. Add egg yolk and rice. Peel zucchini and take core out carefully with an apple corer, being careful not to break through shell. Stuff zucchini with lamb mixture (an iced-tea spoon is the best instrument). Put into large saucepan or frying pan with carrot, clove-studded onion, 2 tablespoons oil, and enough consommé to cover bottom of pan by 1 inch. Cover and simmer on low fire for about 45 minutes, until zucchini are tender, turning them over carefully in last 15 minutes.

Just before serving, transfer zucchini to serving dish and keep hot. Beat together water, cornstarch, lemon juice, and egg yolks. Strain the consommé in the pan, bring it to a boil again, and add a ladle of it to the egg-and-lemon mixture. Return all liquid to the pan and stir with a wire whisk until sauce is hot and thickened, taking care that it does not boil. Pour over zucchini and serve immediately.

STUFFED EGGPLANT
(Imam Baildi)
for four

1 medium eggplant
4 onions, thinly sliced
1 cup olive oil
4 tablespoons tomato paste
4 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 cloves garlic, crushed
2 teaspoons dried mint
1 tablespoon bread crumbs
2 ripe tomatoes, sliced
1 cup water

Cut eggplant in half lengthwise, score meat and soak in salted water for ½ hour, drain and pat dry. Scoop out inside of eggplant to 1 inch depth. Sauté the onion until golden in 4 tablespoons olive oil, add 3 tablespoons tomato paste, garlic, mint, and ½ cup water, and simmer for 10 minutes. Add parsley, bread crumbs, and, if mixture is too thick, more water. Stuff the eggplant halves with onion mixture. Top each half with tomato slices and 1 tablespoon bread crumbs. Drizzle over them 1 tablespoon tomato paste mixed with ½ cup water and the rest of the olive oil. Bake for about 1½ hours in a 375° oven.

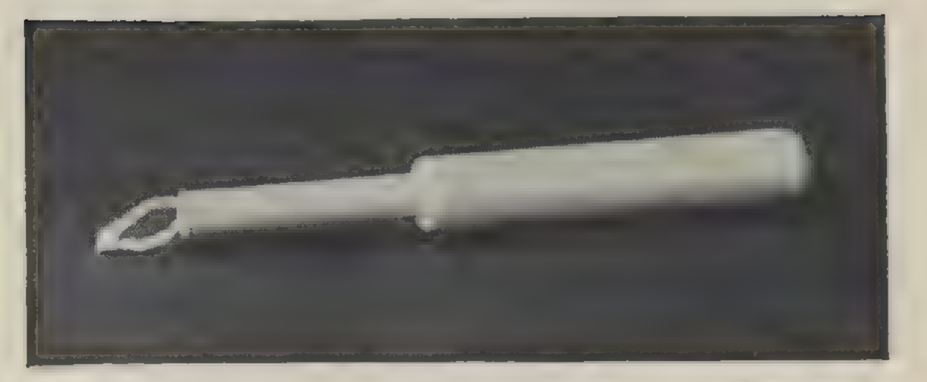
MELON ICE
for six

1 Persian or honeydew melon, as ripe as possible
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
1 cup water
1 cup sugar
4 ounces Grand Marnier

Boil sugar and water together in heavy saucepan for 10 minutes. Cool and mix with melon pulp which has been strained or puréed in a blender. Add Grand Marnier and fold in the egg whites. Pour into deep ice tray and put into freezer compartment. After 45 minutes, when mixture has begun to set, beat every 15 minutes with wire whisk, returning mixture to freezer as quickly as possible. The sherbet will be ready in about two hours.

GOOD TO KNOW: Art historians and travellers admit that the best time for a first look at the Acropolis is at twilight. TWA's flight schedule from New York to Athens fits exactly into this pattern. After a 2:30 P.M. landing in Athens and the rigmarole of customs, settling into a hotel, bath, and lie-down, visitors head towards the Acropolis when Athens glows in lavender dusk. Another comfortable fact about TWA is that it flies directly from New York to Athens: no change of planes, only a short refuelling stop in Rome.

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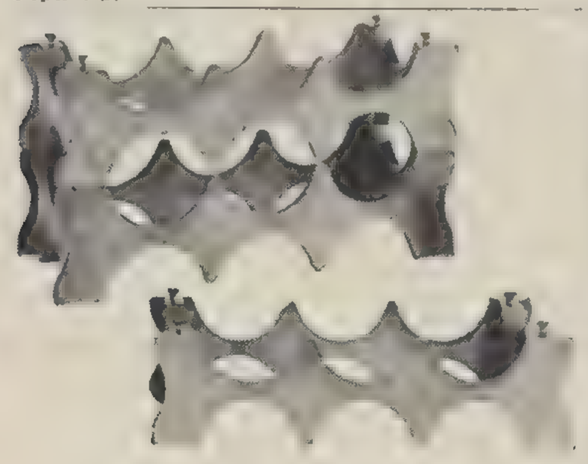
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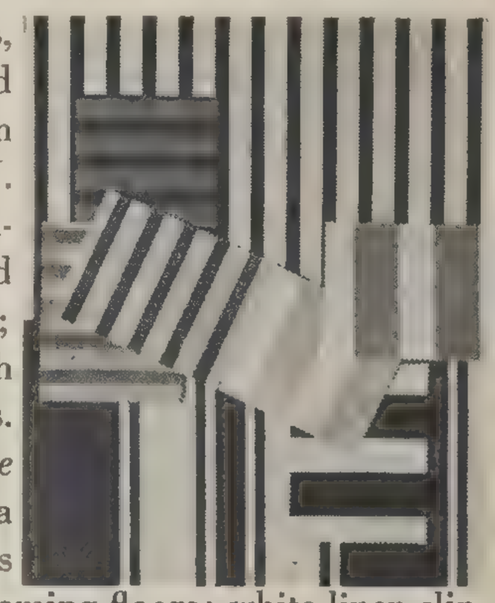
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GRIGSBY

Starting here: Vogue's Shop Hound of gadgets, ideas, and objets for the house. Starting this moment: the month to live a country life in town, to plan for the big at-home season that begins with the crisper winds of full-fledged autumn. *In the photograph above,* a red plant table . . . lineage eighteenth century, English . . . and a café noir Coromandel screen. With these elements William Baldwin schemes a new plan for a white-walled room . . . red-lacquered floors, black and white slipcovers; and on the table, cool ebullient ferns, books, ostrich eggs on red stands. Other rôles for the table: service for a TV dinner for two, drinks, buffet, or the TV itself. Painted table, $750 copied by Jansen Inc., 42 East 57th Street, N. Y. 10022. Screen, with calligraphy on one side, birds and flowers on the other, $5,200; Charles Gracie, 148 East 58th Street, N. Y. 10022. . . . Mrs. Vincent Astor, author of *The Bluebird Is At Home,* keeps a garden look until October: pots of flowers massed on bare gleaming floors; white linen slipcovers, a tradition from her childhood. Good idea: order slipcovers now. William Baldwin suggests two sets, one summer, one interim. Great interim, *above:* French printed cotton stripes. Wide purple and white, $5.25 yd. . . . Pastel and white, $4.50. . . . Narrow black and white, or smash colours, $4.80. 54″ wide, through decorators from Boussac of France, 979 Third Ave., N. Y. 10022. . . . September pleasure brought to town: glorious dahlias; rivetting with cotton slipcovers. Or: the first-ever single porcelain tulip and leaves, *left.*



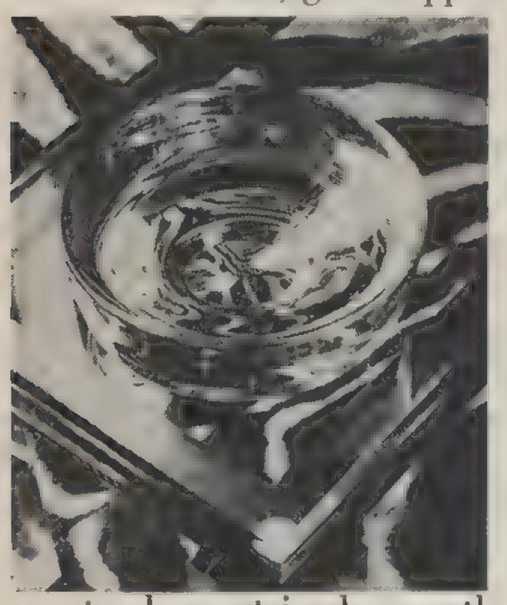


SHOP HOUND

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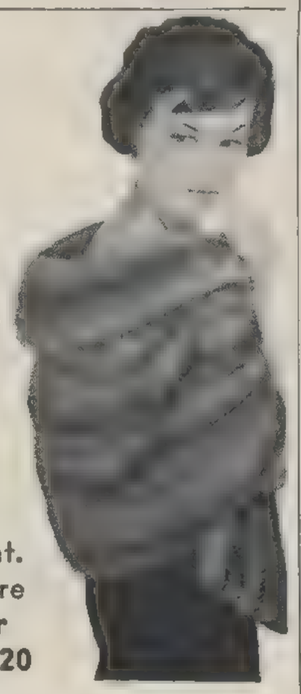
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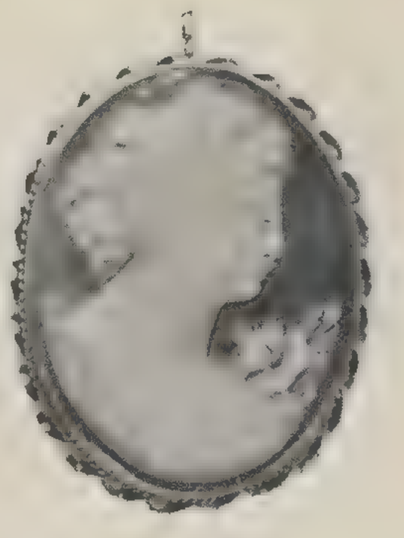
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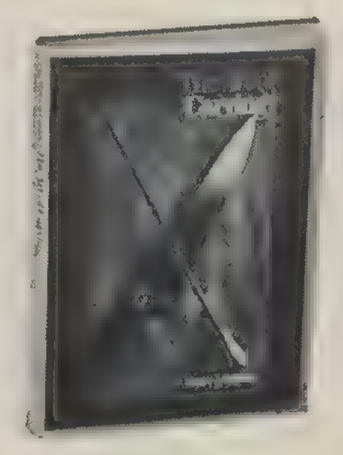


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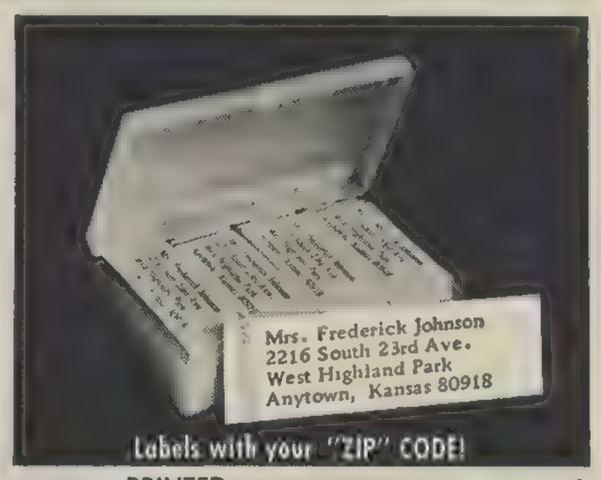
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A Controversial European Play

By Henry Popkin

Following the theatrical excitement created by *The Deputy* two years ago and *Marat/Sade* last year, the latest European *cause célèbre* is Heinar Kipphardt's *In the Case of J. Robert Oppenheimer*, based on an episode in the life of an American who has more than once expressed his disapproval of the play. Even more surprising than Oppenheimer's hostility to a play of which he is the hero is this play's adoption by the Berliner Ensemble, the late Bertolt Brecht's company in East Berlin. That is the strangest accolade of all, since the dramatist is a defector from East Germany and must accordingly be regarded as an enemy of the state.

The extraordinary success of this play in West Germany, Vienna, Brussels, Milan, and, in an altered form, in Paris, indicates many things—the continuing concern of the German stage with political issues and factual documentation, the tendency of European theatre toward chain reaction, the European fascination with American life and politics, and especially the widespread European interest in exhibiting, attacking, and deriding that irresistible if anachronistic ogre, McCarthyism. For all these reasons, productions of *In the Case of J. Robert Oppenheimer* are now scheduled or on stage everywhere in Europe, from Oslo to Istanbul, and this nearly forgotten chapter in American history is now a vital part of European intellectual life. (In East Berlin, the rôle of Oppenheimer was assigned to Brecht's son-in-law, who is the company's specialist in historical figures, since, on other evenings, he plays Hitler and Brecht himself.)

Kipphardt went directly to the records of the Atomic Energy Commission's 1954 investigation of the nuclear physicist. In nearly one thousand pages (now out of print at the Government Printing Office), witnesses testified concerning Oppenheimer's past, including his long opposition to the beginning of work on the hydrogen bomb. The decision of the Personnel Security Board went against Oppenheimer by a vote of two to one, and he was denied further access to classified information.

It is notable that Dr. Oppenheimer received the Enrico Fermi Award from President Johnson on December 12, 1963; the citation for the award, however, was signed by President John F. Kennedy shortly before his assassination.

Kipphardt first boiled down an enormous amount of material for a successful television play, then expanded his text for the stage, presenting only seven of the forty witnesses who had actually appeared at the hearings. (The play's other seven characters are three members of the Personnel Security Board and four attorneys, two on each side.) He injected some variety into the repetitious courtroom procedures by inventing a few special features: monologues by several of the characters; newsreels showing explosions of atomic bombs, the victims of Hiroshima, and Malenkov's an-



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nouncement of the explosion of the first Russian atomic bomb; a film of Oppenheimer (actually of the actor who played the part on stage) giving a security officer an elaborately incorrect account of an approach made in behalf of Soviet espionage (corresponding to the security officer's tape of the interview, which was played before the Personnel Security Board).

To shape the hearings into something resembling a drama, Kipphardt changed the order of witnesses, redistributed some of the testimony of witnesses he had omitted, selecting it to bear directly upon two main issues—Oppenheimer's work on the A-bomb and his attitude toward the H-bomb. These issues become the two real, ultimate subjects of the play: loyalty and morality.

The investigators in the play look into what they take to be, purely and simply, an issue of loyalty. They ask: can Oppenheimer be trusted with classified information? His efficient wartime work as head of the atomic bomb project at Los Alamos can, in itself, raise no questions of loyalty, and so, in the first half of the play, the charges are based on associations rather than action.

In the second half, the investigators fall hungrily upon what they take to be open evidence of disloyal action, Oppenheimer's efforts to discourage the building of the H-bomb. Here, however, the problem has become moral and not merely political. The stage Oppenheimer and his defenders regard the development of this more devastating weapon in a world at peace as an immoral act, and thus they revive the question of the morality of the A-bomb, an issue briefly raised before in the testimony and eloquently underlined by the film of Hiroshima. The moral arguments against the H-bomb induce the stage Oppenheimer to see the whole matter in a new light and, at last, in the play, he proclaims his hostility to all work on superweapons and the superiority of morality over loyalty.

The real Oppenheimer (who, in private, has reportedly said, "Kipphardt has made a tragedy out of what was a farce") has especially objected to this last speech which Kipphardt "invented" for him. In an open letter to Kipphardt, Oppenheimer said that in Geneva only last September, he answered "Yes" to the question "whether now, knowing the results, I would again do what I did during the war: participate in a responsible way in the making of atomic weapons." Oppenheimer concluded in his letter to Kipphardt:

"It seems to me that you may well have forgotten Guernica, Dachau, Coventry, Belsen, Warsaw, Dresden, Tokyo. I have not. I think that if you find it necessary so to misread and to misrepresent your principal character, you should perhaps write about someone else. I also think that you should not be too confident that the situation as it stands is without adequate grounds for legal action against you and the producers of your play."

In response to Oppenheimer, Kipphardt pointed to the passage in the testimony in which the physicist said that he had "moral scruples" about the use of the atomic bomb, "terrible ones." For whatever reason, the concluding speech, in which Oppenheimer disavows war work, is omitted from the Milan production as well as from the Paris version which was submitted to Oppenheimer for his approval.

Oppenheimer has continued to be hostile to the play in its original form. He recently restated his personal hostility to being characterized on stage and

(Continued on page 298)

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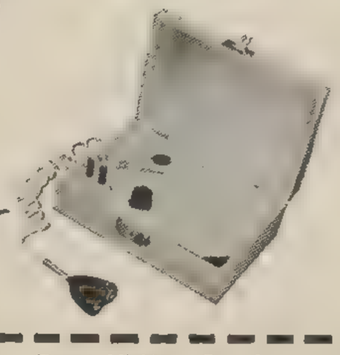
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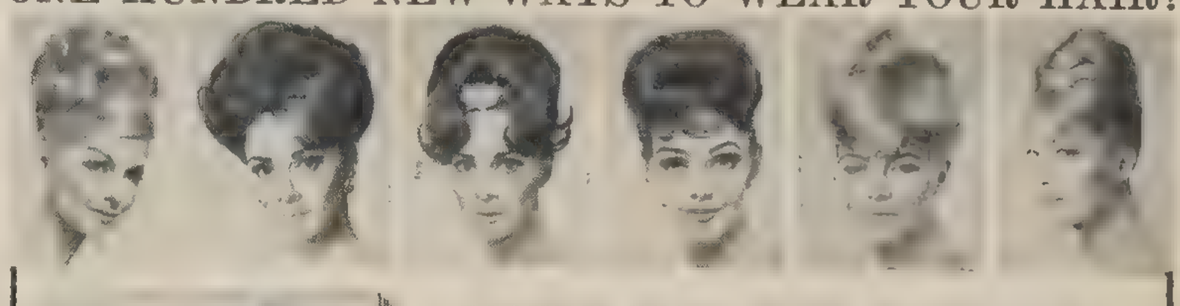
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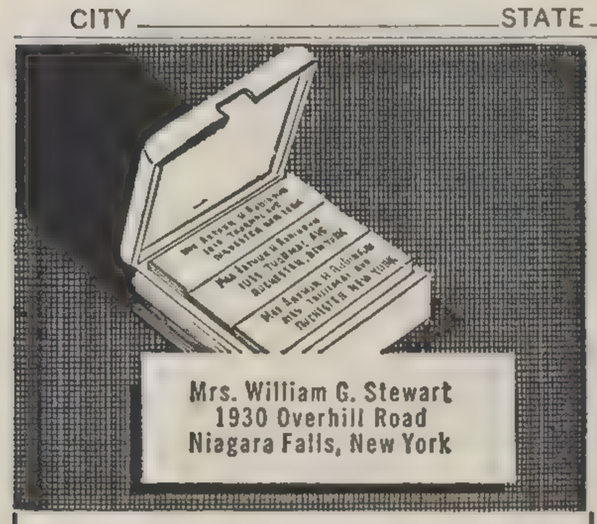
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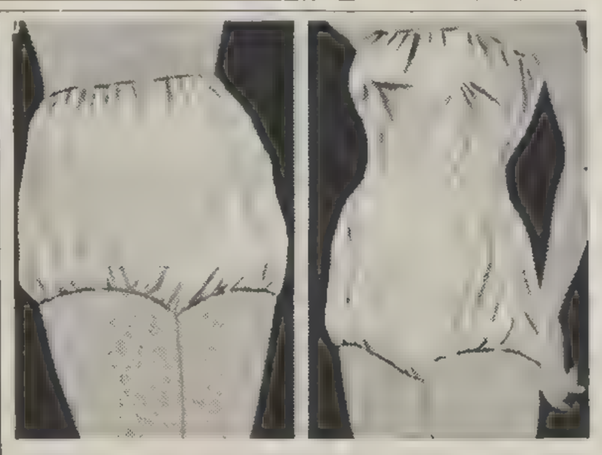
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European Play

(Continued from page 297)

added a second and more serious objection: "I do object, however, to the presentation of living persons, if it is a presentation which betrays and falsifies their attitudes and characters, representing them as doing and saying things which they could not have done and said. In this very limited sense, of faithfulness to reality—quite apart from the question of whether it is a better play—the French version seems to be cleaner and purer than the German one."

By expanding the moral issue in attributing to Oppenheimer a recurring hostility to the atomic bomb, Kipphardt has given the play what, to most observers, seems its *raison d'être.* This major change was an absolute necessity for Kipphardt; certainly Europeans are not likely to become exercised over the problem of someone's loyalty to the United States, and even interest in McCarthyism is wearing thin.

Some of the smaller changes are interesting as examples of dramatic technique or of European misunderstanding of America or of Kipphardt's intention to make Oppenheimer the hero and the bomb the principal villain.

Little changes in educational and vocational backgrounds tend to elevate the good characters and to lower the standing of the unsympathetic ones. A security officer friendly to Oppenheimer is, for example, made to respond to a question about his education by saying that he went to Harvard. In point of fact, he attended Harvard Law School after graduating from the Virginia Military Institute.

A witness hostile to Oppenheimer in the play is made to seem inferior to the distinguished professors who precede and follow him in giving testimony; he appears to be no professor but only an adviser to the Air Force, not even in possession of a doctorate. The real witness actually testified that he was a professor of geophysics at U. C. L. A. and had been a member of the Harvard Society of Fellows, and, in some circles, that experience outweighs a doctorate.

These departures are no more than a kind of shorthand by which Kipphardt tells his audience what to expect from these characters. The impression which they give in the play is substantially the impression they give in their original testimony; the likable figures are made more *emphatically* likable.

In one incident, some small changes were made for primarily dramatic reasons. When asked personal questions about a girl he once loved, Oppenheimer is made to leave the stand and stop testifying. The record shows no such occurrence, but Kipphardt's dramatic license is natural enough.

Departures from the record furnish a useful key to Kipphardt's technique and his objectives, and so a few are worth examining. Kipphardt makes Oppenheimer say that there might be exceptions to the rule that all Communists are security risks. Actually, Oppenheimer testified that, although he formerly held that position, he now felt the rule applied "with no exception."

Elsewhere, Kipphardt makes one of his villains more philosophical, more explicit concerning the reasoning behind his hostility to Oppenheimer. The witness is Dr. Edward Teller, a defender of the hydrogen bomb, who is made to express his astonishment at Oppenheimer's belief that all men are accessible to reason in political matters. Teller clearly establishes that he does not share Oppenheimer's optimism. Predictably, this speech occurs only in the play; the actual testimony did not venture so far into philosophical differences between the two physicists.

Substantially, however, Kipphardt sticks to the record. One detects his genuine concern for drama based on fact—a concern widely shared now in the German theatre. Like Hochhuth, the author of *The Deputy*, Kipphardt applies his factual tech-

(Continued on page 302)

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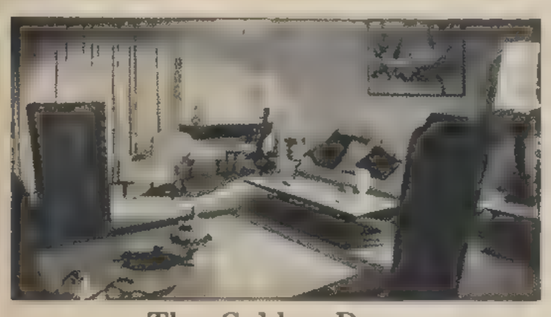
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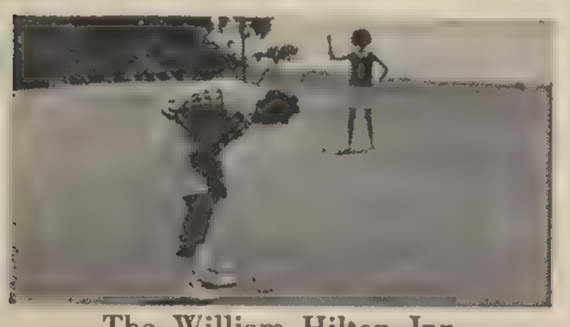
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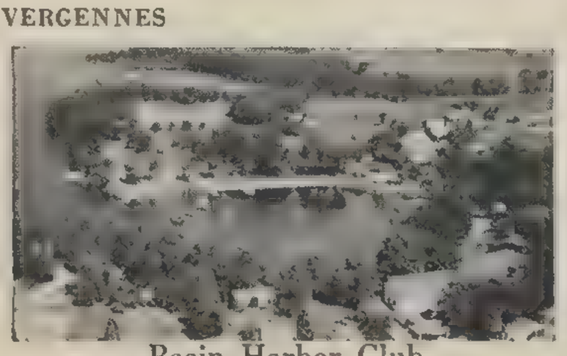
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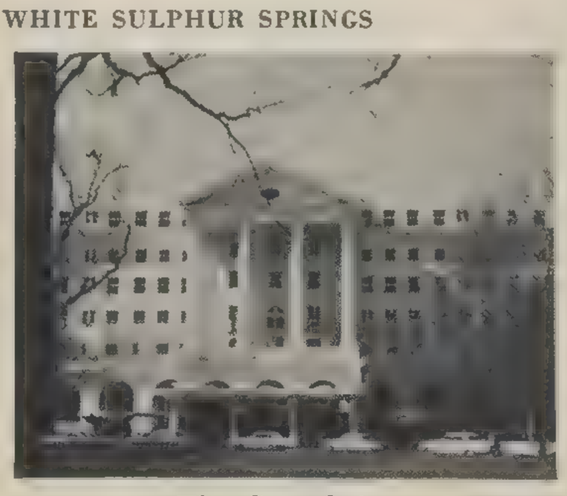


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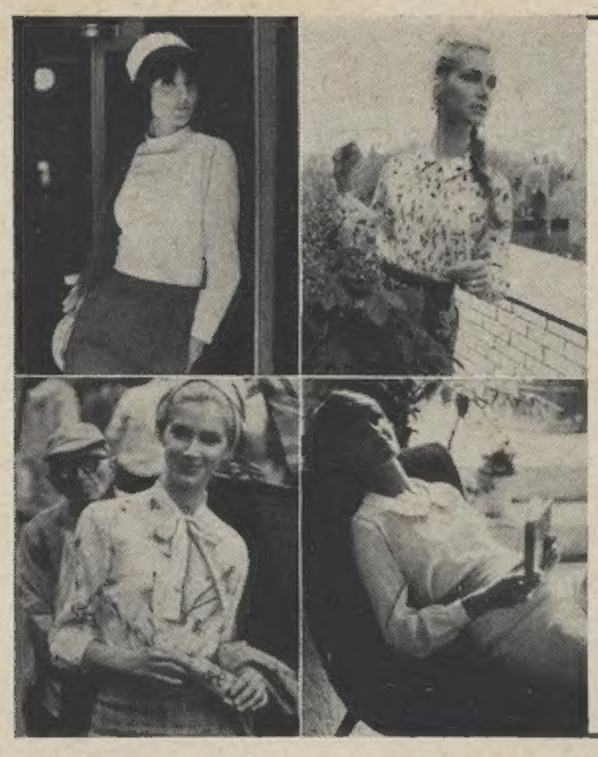
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European Play

(Continued from page 298)

nique to a political theme of international interest and mounts his main attack upon some foreign, non-German political error. The inevitable question began to be asked at the time of *The Deputy*. Haven't the Germans quite enough to trouble them in their own recent political past? Why must Hochhuth aim his darts at the Vatican and Kipphardt at Washington? Kipphardt replies: "Nazism is not only German." He sees Nazism—or sinister forces resembling Nazism—in other lands as well, and considers that, as a German, he has a peculiar obligation to sound a warning. He has no substantial regrets about his controversy with Oppenheimer, observing: "I could not make him a hero and leave out his conflicts."

Erwin Piscator, who directed both *The Deputy* and *Oppenheimer* in Berlin and, forty years ago, pioneered factual, documentary drama in that city, adds: "To the whole world Oppenheimer has become a symbol. . . . Does he have the right now to say, 'It is not Oppenheimer'?"

Oppenheimer has indeed insisted that it is not he, and one director listened to him: Jean Vilar, who directed Kipphardt's text and played the lead in Paris. Vilar set researchers to compare the text with the original record, and, on finding discrepancies, rewrote and renamed it *The Oppenheimer File.*

Originally, Vilar announced the new work as his own play, but finally agreed to stipulate it was "after the scenic arrangement of Heinar Kipphardt." Furthermore, the Vilar text is not to be performed outside France. This second play about Oppenheimer adheres carefully to the official record. When it was submitted to the physicist, he reportedly asked that only one word be changed. Its fidelity makes it primarily a study of McCarthyism. The moral issues involved in the use of the bomb are muted.

Of the four most publicized productions, the French one is the most heavily melodramatic. In contrast, the most understated and underacted version is the Italian. Kipphardt's play was staged at the best theatre in Italy, the Teatro Piccola of Milan, where Giorgio Strehler has established himself as an authentic interpreter of Brecht's plays and of Brecht's impersonal, understated kind of acting.

The impersonality and understatement were all too apparent, probably because the play was not directed by the master himself but by one of his protégés. (Strehler, who usually makes this method work, was busy with a Goldoni play at the time.) Presented in the set that had been used for Brecht's *Galileo,* the Milanese *Oppenheimer* emphasized the parallels between the two scientists who, in their different ways, were martyrs of intellectual freedom.

The German productions in West Berlin and Munich were better acted. Of the two, Paul Verhoeven's staging in Munich seems more casual and so probably more authentically American.

Apparently some effort was made to use an occasional actor who resembled some well-known American. In Berlin, the actor who played the junior counsel of the Security Board looked like the late Senator McCarthy; in Munich, the junior counsel for Oppenheimer was an Ivy League type who slightly resembled President Kennedy. Producers in London and New York are moving ahead slowly and carefully on the Kipphardt play.

The Americans face a peculiar problem: the United States has a law against invasion of privacy. Even if no one in the play is misrepresented, it is possible for any one of the fourteen characters, all of them living Americans, to decide that his privacy has been violated and to file suit.

But human ingenuity knows no limits. The laws that man has made, man can get around. Broadway will surely sometime see this play, even if the names of the characters are changed.

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